

THE ART-JOURNAL.

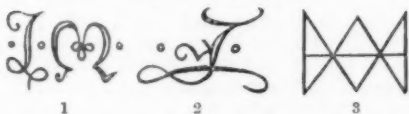


LONDON, JANUARY 1, 1876.

ARTISTS' MARKS.



CASUAL glance at the present page might induce our readers to imagine it devoted to some abstruse paper on Coptic manuscripts, Egyptian hieroglyphics, or possibly on Babylonian inscriptions, aided by the research of Colonel Rawlinson himself. It is, however, sacred to no such profundities, but is intended simply to display some of those curious forms adopted by artists to stamp their own works as authentic, in the same way as the goldsmiths, silversmiths, and potters did theirs, and which it has been our province to describe in our preceding volume.



Some artists have been content to exhibit the initials of their names, combined with that of the place of their birth, as in Fig. 1, which is the mark usually adopted by Israel Van Mechlin (born 1450, died 1503). He, however, varied the marks on his works, and sometimes only adopted the large flowing I, seen in Fig. 2, at other times he formed the name *Israel* into a fanciful monogram, or used the old German letters, I. V. M., as his marks; sometimes the letter I, passed at a right angle through the M, then, occasionally, V. M. only appears; so that in the instance of this artist we find as much variety as is displayed in the marks generally adopted by one man. Fig. 3 exhibits the sort of mathematical figure used by Hans Van Aken (born 1552, died 1615), a painter of the Low Countries, and a native of Aix-la-Chapelle.

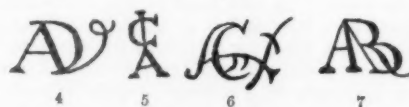
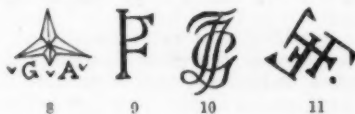


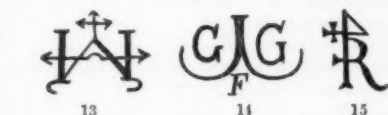
Fig. 4 is the cypher used by Albert Van Everdingen, the painter and engraver of the Netherlands (born 1621, died 1675); it is a combination of the three first letters of his name, fancifully disposed. The mark, Fig. 5, was adopted by Crispin Van den Broek, of Antwerp (born 1530), who practised painting, and engraving on copper and wood; the combination of letters which he has adopted signifies *Crispin, inventor, Antwerp*. Fig. 6 is that used by Agostini Caracci, to mark his engravings (born 1557, died 1602); it is A. C. F., for A. Caracci,

fecit, at other times he used the A. C. alone. Fig. 7 is the monogram constructed by Spagnoletti (born 1588, died 1656), to distinguish his works, and consists of the letters of his proper name, Ribera, with the omission of the letter E. The upright line of the A. also serving for I. in his Christian name, Joseph.

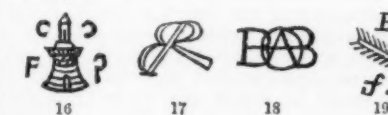


There is an artist whose works were known in the middle of the sixteenth century as those of "the master of the caltrap," from his using that implement as his mark, Fig. 8. The caltrap was an instrument used in Medieval warfare, and consisted of a group of iron spikes, which were cast upon the ground, to wound the feet of horses and impede a charge of cavalry. Fig. 9 is the mark of Francis Mazzuoli, better known by his sobriquet of Parmagianino, from Parma, the place of his birth, (in 1503), which he has here adopted in combination with his Christian name. Fig. 10 is the florid initials of Johann Friedrich Greuther, a Dutch engraver, born in 1600, died 1660. Fig. 11 is the quaint combination of F's, all forming part of each other, used by Franz Friedrich Frank, another Dutch engraver, who flourished from 1627 to 1687. The last two are good examples of the *florid* and the *formal* styles of initial.

The old merchants universally adopted a series of marks to distinguish their bales of goods; and as they were not allowed, however rich they might be in the middle ages, to adopt arms, and thus rival the dignity of the gentry, these marks were used upon shields, similar to those upon which heralds emblazon their fancies. Hence many an old tomb and church window is thus decorated. Some few of the old artists adopted similar elaborations, and the mark, Fig. 12, is a good example, being that used by Jost Van Wingen, who lived from 1544 to 1603. Very frequently these old merchant-marks were combined with a figure of 4, which some

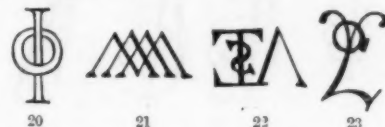


writers have considered to be a rude representation of the mast and yards of a ship, indicative of their trade, in the same way as shown in Fig. 15, which was used by the artist Raphael de Ravenna. Fig. 13 is another fanciful mark, also much like a merchantman's, used by Augustin Hirschvogel, a German engraver, born 1504, died 1560. Fig. 14 was adopted by the Italian engraver, Gabriel Gioliti, of Ferrara, who flourished in the early part of the sixteenth century.



Nicholas Roser, of Modena, who lived at the same period, adopted the somewhat fanciful mark, Fig. 16, which bears no allusion to his name, but may, possibly, to his native town. The painter, Elias Rei-

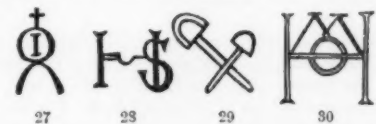
dinger (born 1695, died 1767), used the quaint arrangement of his initials, engraved Fig. 17. George Bobba, an Italian engraver of the latter part of the sixteenth century, combined the letters of his surname, as in Fig. 18. Bernhard Graat, a painter of the Netherlands (born 1628, died 1709), placed the initial of his Christian name above a *grating*, indicative of his surname, with the letter *f*, for *fecit*, beneath, as shown in Fig. 19.



The wood-engraver, John Operin, of Basle (born 1509, died 1568), combined his initials as in Fig. 20. Martinus Martini, the engraver, of the early part of the seventeenth century, used the sort of double M, seen in Fig. 21, sometimes surmounted by the bowl of a tobacco-pipe. Antonia Tempesta, the painter (born 1555, died 1630), employed the monogram, Fig. 22. The German painter, Ludwig Von Ring (born 1496, died 1547), used the flowing I, upon which a *ring* was hung, as shown in Fig. 23.



This plan of using a *figure* for a name was very customary in the middle ages, and such an invention was called a *rebus*; it was natural that artists should particularly prefer such pictorial nomenclature. Thus, Martin Rota, the Italian engraver, used the *rota*, or wheel, for his mark, as in Fig. 24, accompanied by the initial of his Christian name, and the word *fecit*. Ludwig Krug, the German goldsmith and engraver, placed the Jug, symbolic of his name, between his initials, as in Fig. 25. Gerard Lairesse, the painter (born 1640, died 1711), adopted the fanciful double combination of initials seen in Fig. 26.



The wood-engraver, Tollot, about 1530, used the mark, Fig. 27. Another more famous practiser of the art, Hans Schaufelin (born 1492, died 1540), used the letters of his name, as in Fig. 28, or the two small *shovels*, such as are used by bakers, as in Fig. 29, which afforded a punning allusion to his name. Herman Ring, a German painter (born 1540, died 1597), adopted the *ring* in his initials, Fig. 30, as used by his predecessor, Fig. 23.



Albert Durer (born 1471, died 1528) used the open gates as a rebus of his name, Fig. 32, and adopted from the similarity of sound between his name and the word *thor*, or gate, in German; they generally enclose the initials of his name and the date at which each particular work was executed, as in our example. The great painter,

Corregio, used a heart, indicative of the first syllable of his name, and inscribed the rest above it, Fig. 33,—or else, as in Fig. 34, crowned his heart, as *cor regio*, placing the usual designer's word upon it.



George Hofnagel, the German painter and engraver (born 1575, died 1629), whose name literally signified *Housenail*, rejoiced in marking his works with a large nail, as in Fig. 35, sometimes entwining it with the first letter of his Christian name, as in Fig. 36, or else with the last, as in Fig. 37; at other times he used the great nail alone, upon which was inscribed his Christian name, latinised, as in Fig. 38.



Johann Maria Pomedello, an Italian engraver of the early part of the sixteenth century, used the mark, Fig. 39, consisting of an apple, indicative of the *pomme*, in his name; which was further "punned on" by Isabella Quatre Pomme, living at the same time, who placed the number 4 on her apple, and completed a perfect French rebus of her name, Fig. 40. The German engraver, Hopfer, at the same era, marked his plates with the small tree, Fig. 41. Francis Sebastian Scharnagel, the painter and lithographer of Bamberg (born 1791),

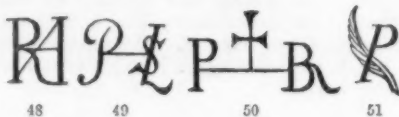


adopted this old custom, by placing Fig. 42 on his works, indicating the literal meaning of his name, *share-nail*. Fig. 43 is one of the most curious of these whimsical marks; it was adopted by an Italian engraver in the early part of the sixteenth century, who was hence known as "the master with the rat," his name being Ratto. With the same feeling, Hans Weiner, the German engraver of 1590, used the bunch of grapes, Fig. 44, indicative of the *wine maker* his name literally signified. Ulrich Pilgrim, the German wood-engraver, who flourished about



the same time, adopted the cross *bourbons*, or walking-staves of the pilgrims, Fig. 45. The Italian engraver of the fifteenth century, Lucca Fiorentius, placed his initials on a shield, as in Fig. 46. Lucas Cranach, the German engraver (born 1472, died 1553), used the winged dragon holding a ring in his mouth, Fig. 47; at other times he adopted a shield with two swords crossed; and at others the arms of the Electoral Princes of Saxony, by whom he

was patronised. Sometimes two or three of these marks are found together in one of his pictures, or engravings.



In speaking now more particularly of painters' marks, the place of honour must be given to Raphael, who sometimes used the combination of the four first letters of his name, as in Fig. 48. Philip Wouvermans combined those of his Christian name, as in Fig. 49. Paris Bordone used the mark, Fig. 50. Jacob Palma, returning again to the rebus, gave a palm branch with his initial, as in Fig. 51. John Wynants used the boldly flowing initials represented in



Fig. 52. John Vandervelde, the quaint combination of an I and two V's, seen in Fig. 53. Carl Van Mander used an equally fantastic compound of his initials, as in Fig. 54. Gerhard Terburg adopted the mark,

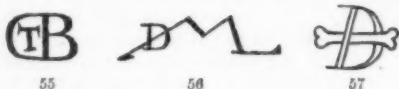
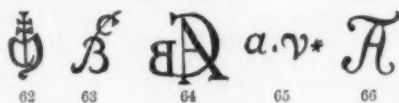


Fig. 55, which includes a letter for each syllable of his surname. This plan was also adopted by Daniel Lintmayer, in the scrawling initials, Fig. 56. The Italian painter, Dosso Dossi, used the large D with a bone through it, as in Fig. 57. Another mark used by Vandervelde is given, Fig. 58. That



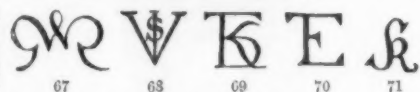
adopted by Andrea Mantegna is shown, Fig. 59. Jost, or Justus Ammon, a wood engraver, extensively employed by the booksellers of his era, (he was born 1539, and died 1591), distinguished the myriad of curious and beautiful cuts he gave to the world by the initials engraved, Fig. 60. In Fig. 22, we have exhibited a mark used by the painter Tempesta, Fig. 61 is another, which is a combination of *A. Temp.*, an abbreviated form of his name. Hubert de Croock, a German wood-engraver of the close of the fifteenth century, used the mark, Fig. 62,



which combines the H and C of his name with the pastoral staff, or *crook* of the Romish Church. The painter, Nicholas Berghem, adopted the C B of Fig. 63, the C indicative of the familiar Dutch abbreviation of his Christian name into *Claas*. Annibale Caracci used the mark, Fig. 64. The small and modest *a. v.*, in Fig. 65, is the mode in which the great Vandyke marked his works. Fig. 66 is another variety of mark adopted by Tempesta (see also Figs. 22 and 61).

The Dutch painter and engraver, George Wachter, in the early part of the seventeenth century, used the quaint initials of

his name, Fig. 67. Johan Van Sommer, about the same time, used Fig. 68 as his mark. Theodore Kaiser, another artist of the same period, used Fig. 69. We now add a fourth instance of Tempesta's marks, Fig. 70; while Fig. 71 exhibits that of the Italian painter, Sebastian Ricci.



We have thus given fair examples of the great variety of fanciful modes adopted by artists and engravers of all grades and at all periods to identify their works, comprehending initials, monograms, and emblems. The custom of using quaint marks is now almost entirely confined to initials; there are, however, some few instances of the old practice of punning in our own day, as when Richard Doyle placed a (*Dickey*) bird for the mark to his designs in "Punch," or John Leech exhibited a *Leech* in a bottle,



for his; these were good-natured comicallities, well fitted to such works, if not a quiet satire on the practice. We conclude our series with a few examples of marks used by artists and engravers of the last and the present century. Fig. 74 is the abbreviated name of John Henry Ramberg, the German painter and engraver, (born 1763). Fig. 75 is that used by our famous mezzotint engraver, James Mac Ardell (born 1710, died 1765). Fig. 73 is used by Eugene Neureuther, of Munich, (born 1806); and Fig. 72 that adopted by his great fellow-townsmen, Peter Cornelius, (born 1786), who has done so much to elevate the Fine Art of his country.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES.*

No. VI.—DEVONSHIRE MARBLES.

It has often appeared to us, that we do not sufficiently value the productions of our own Islands. That which is foreign is highly esteemed, while, too commonly, that which is produced at our doors is regarded as valueless. With our increasing wealth this feeling has certainly been fully developed, and articles of taste are valued more frequently by a scale, graduated according to the distance from whence they are brought, rather than by any intrinsic excellence. To this passion we find many excellent caterers. The less wealthy, but no less industrious inhabitants of many Continental localities, seek for native productions, and moulding them to suit the prevailing tastes of England, realise large profits by materials which to them were formerly valueless. In these remarks, let it be understood there is no intention to undervalue the productions of the Continent. It is desired only to direct attention to sources at home from which articles of equal beauty could be obtained if the wealthy amongst us would but lead the way in this direction.

The black antique marble—the *Nero antico* of the Italians, the *red antique marble*, the *verde antique*, the *marmo verde pagliocco*, the *Cipolino marble*, and the *rose-coloured brecc-*

* Continued from p. 258, vol. for 1855.

cia marble, have all of them been rendered famous by the works which have been executed in them; and hence, for ordinary purposes, these marbles are bought at an extravagant cost, when we have ornamental stones in our own island surpassing many of them in beauty.

The limestone formations of Devonshire and of Derbyshire produce a variety of coloured marbles of high character. Black, white, grey, red, and brown varieties are found in both these counties. Wales and Westmoreland can yield from their carboniferous and transition limestone beds several most agreeable dark marbles. The green marble of Anglesea, the Connemara marbles of Ireland, the white and variegated marbles of Scotland, and the beautiful serpentine of Cornwall, to which we have already more than once directed attention, may be quoted as a few examples of our British resources.

Although we have been long acquainted with the numerous varieties of stone produced from the limestones of Devonshire, our attention has been more especially directed to them during the past autumn. The peculiar geological character of these rock formations—the picturesque beauty of the country in which they are found—the romantic arrangement of the rocks themselves along the coast in the neighbourhood of Torquay, and the adaptability of this material to numerous purposes of decorative art—are so many inducements for us to devote an article to their consideration. This district has been so carefully examined by some of our most skilful geologists, that no apology is required for availing ourselves of the information they give us.

The following general sketch of the coast is from the pen of the late Sir Henry de la Beche—

"There is no beach to the cliffs from near the Ness-point, at the mouth of the Teign, to Hope's Nose, the northern point of Tor Bay, with the exception of the bottom of a few coves, and the Babbacombe Sands, and their continuation, the Oddicombe Sands, both misnomers, for they are shingle beaches. The cliffs plunge directly into the sea, and are well seen only from a boat. The coast is equally bold from Hope's Nose to Torquay, with the exception of Meadfoot Sands, which are, however, backed by a high broken hill. After passing the hill, between Torquay and Tor Abbey, the coast assumes a milder character; the cliffs, where they occur, are of no great elevation; and there are extensive sands both at Paington and Goodrington, separated by Roundham Head. Further south, low cliffs intervene between Goodrington Sands and the Breadsands. Beyond the low rocky land of Galmpton Point the cliffs are bolder, and continue so to Berry Head, being in a few places broken into coves, the most considerable of which is occupied by the harbour of Brixham. This range of coast is backed by hills varying in height from 200 to 500 feet. Furland Hill, between Brixham and Dartmouth, is 589 feet above the sea."

If we look at a geological map we shall find the limestone formations commencing on the edges of the red sandstone series, and spreading in detached masses—lands as it were—amongst the clay-slate formations to Plymouth, at which place they may almost be said to terminate. It is true, that in the neighbourhood of Looe, and at some two or three other spots in Cornwall, small patches or veins of this limestone are found, but never in any quantity. The eminent geologist whom we have already

quoted, writes thus of the limestones of St. Mary Church, Babbacombe, and the northern side of Tor Bay—

"These encircle the old red sandstone, which extends from Meadfoot Sands towards Upham. The section on the south side of the Meadfoot Sands shows the limestone resting on old red sandstone. The quarry at the south-west point, opposite a rock called Shag Rock, is marked in grey and reddish compact limestone, dipping south west; beneath is an argillaceous shale, reddish in the upper part, and grey in the lower.

"The limestones in the vicinity of Torquay are much disturbed, as are also, more or less, all the stratified rocks of the district." So much confusion exists in the vicinity of Torquay, that no regular dip of the limestones can there be determined. They dip S.S.W. at an angle of 35°, near the turnpike, and at the quarry near the baths, to the S.W. They are perpendicular, with a north and south direction, at a little hill near Tor-Moham, at the Chapel Hill, and under Torwood House. At Stantaway Hill, between Tor-Moham and Upham, the calcareous slate and limestones are much confused. On the road from Torquay to St. Mary Church, at the entrance of the rocky defile, irregular, detached, and arched strata, have a very picturesque effect, the arch appearing to be almost a work of art. The coast also, from Babbacombe to the Black Head, exhibits confused strata of limestone and argillaceous shale; at the latter place we may observe a thick bent stratum of limestone included in the solid trap; this limestone is very crystalline. Hope's Nose, with the Leadstone, Oarstone, and Thatcher Rocks lying immediately near it, are composed of limestone much contorted at the cove north of the Thatcher. This mass of limestone is detached from the limestone on the west, that is above the level of the sea; and, beneath they are probably connected with the Torquay beds, for the Thatcher Rock is composed of them. Kent's Cavern, celebrated on account of the remains of elephants, rhinoceroses, hyenas, bears, deer, wolves, &c., found in it, is situated in these limestones."

Similar caverns to Kent's have been discovered in the Plymouth limestones, and the remains of animals of the same description have been found in them. These discoveries of ossiferous caverns have been of considerable interest, as marking a period when those islands must have been the habitation of animals now found only in tropical climes. Notwithstanding the variety of bones found in Kent's cavern, and others, it is inferred from very satisfactory evidence, that the hyæna alone inhabited them, and that these predaceous creatures accumulated the bones of the other animals which have been found.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the remains of animals found in these limestone caverns, are of all ages; and Dr. Buckland has shown that it is highly probable that they may have been used as occasional places of sepulture, especially from the evidence afforded by the discovery of the remains of a woman in Paviland Cave, Glamorganshire. We have incidentally noticed these limestone caverns principally to show the geological time to which these formations must be referred. The beautiful *Madrepore* and *Encrinetic* marbles show that they are the result of influences such as those now going on in the Pacific Ocean.

These enormous masses of limestone have been, without doubt, produced by *polypi*.

The best evidence of this has been afforded by Mr. Austen, who examined with very great care not merely the limestones of South Devon, but the rocks immediately associated with them. The limestones are stated by this author to occur, in nearly every instance, in the immediate vicinity of volcanic disturbances, and to be partly included in the slates and sandstones, and partly to rest upon them.

To the former belong the broad band extending from Staple Hill to Dean Prior, the minor bands in the neighbourhood of Thorpestone and Totness, and all those which occur beyond the Dart; also the limestones of Newton and Torbay. They are said to be less pure and more slaty than the overlying limestones, and to be frequently separated by seams of shale. Transverse sections of these bands show, that the strata in some cases become thinner as they descend, and the partings of the shale increase, as near Staverton in the valley of the Dart, and at Staple Hill; but that, in other instances, as between Newton and Totness, the strata, instead of fining off, end abruptly upon the slate, and are covered in the direction of the dip by similar slates. The strata are always inclined, but they invariably form a table land at the surface. This inclined position is conceived not to be due to dislocation, but to the beds having been deposited at the angle which they now present. The bands of limestone dip 40°, but are nowhere more than 150 feet thick, and they all contain the same description of organic remains.

In the structure of the Devonshire limestones, Mr. Austen considers that he has discovered evidences of an origin similar to that of modern coral reefs, which will explain their inclined position. At Ogwell Park the limestone forms a horizontal capping to the inclined strata, and at Bradley rests conformably against a ridge of slate, the baset edge of each bed rising to the level of the crest of the ridge. This structure agrees with that of the coral reefs in the Southern Ocean.

The stratified arrangement of the calcareous masses may be explained by the occasional deposition of sedimentary matter, which might, for a time, interrupt the labours of the *polypus*; and thus a series of beds would be produced, varying in thickness, according to the recurrence, at shorter or longer intervals, of interfering agents, each bed rising successively to the surface-level of the water.

If the deposition of sedimentary matter were great, then the *polypi* would be destroyed, and the reef would become encased in a mechanical accumulation. In further proof of the limestone of Devonshire having been coral reefs, Mr. Austen advances the great abundance of zoophytes found on the surface of the lower strata, embedded in the layers of sand which separate the beds; and, their absence in other parts, especially in the interior of the bands, is no objection to this view of the origin of the limestone, because, in recent reefs, all traces of organic structure are frequently obliterated.

If we refer back to the description quoted from De la Beche, or if we examine for ourselves the rocks *in situ*, we cannot but be struck with the resemblance in the conditions, to those which are constantly occurring in the Atoll of the Maldiva Islands, and the great coral reefs of the Eastern Archipelago. Masses of branching madrepores, then as now, were formed upon the coasts of a red sandstone sea; and alternations in the levels of land and water produced all the conditions of beds.

Mr. Charles Darwin, in his valuable

work on "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs," has explained, with very great accuracy, all the conditions under which coral reefs are now forming in the Pacific Ocean. The conditions are precisely those which will explain all the phenomena of the limestones of Devonshire. Upon the theory that the land around which coral reefs have been formed has been gradually subsiding, and that during the subsidence there has been a constantly upward growth of the reef-constructing corals, this observer explains the progress of coral formation in some cases, and the destruction of the coral animals in others.

He has shown us at what depth the polypifers can exist, and how slight movements destroy them. Not only is the sea active in grinding up the coral rocks, and thus forming deposits, but "the number of the species *Holothuria*, and of the individuals which swarm on every part of these coral reefs, is extraordinarily great; and many ship-loads are annually freighted, as is well known, for China, with the trepan, which is a species of this genus. The amount of coral yearly consumed, and ground down into the finest sand, by these several creatures, and probably by many other kinds, must be immense. These facts are, however, of more importance in another point of view, as showing us that there are living checks to the growth of the coral reef, and that the almost universal law of 'consume and be consumed,' holds good even with the polypifers forming those massive bulwarks which are able to withstand the force of the open ocean."

By these means there was a formation of material which was eventually to receive a slaty structure; and if to this condition we add the by no means uncommon one of volcanic action pouring out its molten matter, to produce the all-involving trap rocks, the entire set of phenomena is complete.

Such then are the geographical, geological, and physical condition of the Devonshire limestone, we must now return to the economic value of these stones.

At the Marble Works of Mr. Woodley, at St. Mary Church, near Petit Tor, and Babbacombe may be inspected every variety of these limestones—worked into columns, vases, chimney-pieces, and a variety of other ornamental articles. These marbles are varied tints of grey, mingled with veins of white. Blocks composed almost entirely of fossil corals are frequently found. These are known as Madrepore Marbles. Red and yellow varieties are sometimes found near Babbacombe, but in smaller quantities. In addition to those, the following summary from the "Geological Survey of Devon and Cornwall," shows the variety which may be obtained.

"The marbles of Plymouth are not very dissimilar from those obtained at Petit Tor, with the exception of the black, a good variety of which is found at Cat Down. At Ipplepen, there is a reddish variety, which is extremely handsome; and near Totness, there are some of good appearance; indeed, throughout the limestone between Newton Bushell, Babbacombe, and Plymouth, marbles of very great varieties of colour may be obtained, though tints of grey chiefly prevail, and they deserve to be far more extensively employed than they have hitherto been: a greater demand would cause more varieties to be worked. A beautiful green marble is found in Kitley Park, and the rose-coloured dolomite in the vicinity of the same place, affords a very handsome, though hitherto neglected, material."

R. HUNT.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

L'ALLEGRO.

W. E. Frost, A.R.A., Painter. T. Garner, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 2 in. by 2 ft. 4 in.

ETTY seems to have had no small influence on the destiny of Mr. Frost, who is now almost universally considered as the legitimate successor of the former in his especial walk of Art, while it was by his advice that the painter of "L'Allegro" was placed in the school of Mr. Sass. In 1829, he was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, where, by his assiduity in availing himself of the means afforded for study, he made such progress as to secure the several medals and honorary distinctions awarded by that institution. As is the case with many other artists who ultimately aspire to historical painting, he commenced his career as a portrait painter, and during the fourteen years that followed, he painted upwards of three hundred portraits. But this field was too restricted for his genius, and as an early step towards emancipating himself from the drudgery of portraiture, if the term may be applied to the art, he sent to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, in 1843, a picture, "Christ crowned with thorns," which met with a purchaser, and at once determined him in his future path; portraiture was abandoned.

In 1844, one of the prizes was awarded to his picture of "Una alarmed by Fauns," in the Westminster Hall Exhibition; and in 1846, Mr. Frost was elected an Associate of the Academy.

The picture of "L'Allegro," in the Royal Collection at Osborne, is copied from a portion of a larger work, entitled "Euphrosyne," painted to illustrate Milton's poem; but it has especial reference to the passage,—

"But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore."

The picture "Euphrosyne" was painted, in 1848, for the well-known patron of English artists, Mr. E. Bicknell, in lieu of the "Una," which Her Majesty desired to possess after it had been purchased by that gentleman, and which, of course he relinquished. Her Majesty was also so much pleased with the "Euphrosyne," that she commissioned the artist to paint the passage here engraved.

From the outset of his career, Mr. Frost inclined to subjects of a sylvan character, illustrating themes such as are found in Spenser or Milton, where the grace and loveliness of the female form might be represented in pure harmony with the varied charms of natural landscape; and his indefatigable study of the human figure enables him to illustrate these great authors with surpassing ability. No painter of any epoch has treated the semi-nude with more delicacy; had his prototype, friend, and adviser always evinced the same feeling, how much more acceptable would the generality of his pictures prove to the public. Always correct, Mr. Frost is never over-free; the fervour and purity of his own refined intelligence and character suggest and influence all the productions of his graceful yet vigorous pencil, while it is impossible to praise too highly the exquisite care with which every part of his composition is made out.

"L'Allegro" is one of the "birthday presents" of the Queen to her Royal Consort. The picture is, in a remarkable degree, distinguished for those admirable qualities which give the works of the artist such superiority over those of any other living painter who professes to follow the same style: the figures are charmingly grouped, and are in most hilarious motion; they are drawn with perfect accuracy, and their faces, bright with "wreathed smiles," would charm even an anchorite, soul-steeped as he may be against the vanities of the world. In colour the work is marvellously lighted up, and the flesh is so exquisitely and truthfully painted, it seems as if it would yield to the softest touch.

A FEW WORDS ON BEAUTY.

Present—MAGISTER and AMICUS.

amicus.—BEAUTY, you say, is the legitimate subject for Art—would you, then, limit Art to the expression of the agreeable only? Would it not thus be deprived of many fine subjects, and often of the opportunity of inculcating a moral lesson?

Magister.—At least, the more beauty there is in a subject, the more it is suitable for Art. Subjects incapable of beauty are unfitted for representation.

Amicus.—To take a favourite subject with the painters of the middle ages—"The Fall of the Wicked"—

"hurled,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition."

how would you rank this subject?

Magister.—Pictures of pure horror are certainly not suited to our tastes at present. The "Murder of the Innocents" appears to me the most detestable subject of mediæval art, more especially as frequently represented in the most actual manner. The subject you instanced is more mythic; mysterious and removed from actual life, and thus less atrociously abhorrent. Its nature is more epic—and when presented to us as it has been by Michael Angelo and Rubens, it possesses so much beauty of composition, form, and colour, that it may be said to be dragged into the category of the beautiful.

Amicus.—But what is the principal impression derived from it? Is it that of beauty?

Magister.—Perhaps not. But each work of Art may be said to be two-fold in its nature. In the first place, there is the subject—the story told—the mental aim. In the case you mention, there is the "doom of evil" presented—a moral lesson. This may be called its theoretic quality, which speaks straight to the intellect. Secondly, there is that which addresses itself more sensually—that is—enlists in its favour those messenger senses of sight which convey it to the mind, and speaks to their predilections for graceful flowing compositions, and the charms of line, tone, and colour.

Amicus.—May you not add a third quality as intermediate, so to speak, existing between and uniting these—viz., that represented by the ingenuities of the modes selected by the artist in adapting the subject to the powers and expression of his art, such as groups, actions, episodes, chosen by him, that speak, not by words but by visible images? Thus, firstly, we should have the mental story to be told; secondly, the artistic view of the subject that has adapted it to the arts of visible expression; and thirdly, the modes and felicities of execution, by which all this has been carried out.

Magister.—I was going to say that beauty in execution would go far towards rendering any subject suitable for Art; but I readily accept your third division, and, apropos of it, would add that there is nothing in which the capacity of an artist is more shown than in the mode by which he adjusts a given subject to the powers of his own art. Thus you have set the proposition on a Delphic tripod.

Amicus.—Truly a three-legged stool will adapt itself to any uncertainties of ground, and the reason, perhaps, that ancient priestcraft adopted it. So ours, perhaps, may stand, until some one seeks to add a fourth or fifth leg to our definition:—for in these kind of disquisitions the last speaker is uppermost, like the child's game of "hand over hand," and the edifice that looks very stable for the moment requires but a stone loose for it to be easily pulled down into ruins by another speculator, to form materials for a fresh structure, possibly equally short-lived.

Magister.—But such disquisitions may be occasionally useful not only as gymnastics for the mind—to exercise its powers, and make firm its muscles, but particularly as regards the aim and means of Art.

Amicus.—No doubt;—and if conducted in a proper spirit, they also read us a good lesson,

by illustrating the bounds, beyond which we cannot soar. I recollect an account of some pigeons which were taken up by an aeronaut and let out when his balloon was at its highest. The poor things seemed quite lost. They waved their wings very vigorously, but the air was too thin for them, and it was with much ado that they got back to the car from which they started. Thus it is, not unfrequently with your metaphysical gentlemen. From the very high starting point they take, they get at once into an ether too subtle for their pinions, and they flap round and round without making any progress. Doubtless, your metaphysical requires a still stronger curb than even your poetical Pegasus.

Magister.—As simile second, such a would-be grasper at the "nature of things" may be likened to an insect, which, having always lived on one leaf, would fain reason proudly on the whole tree, or the wood in which it stands.

Amicus.—There are no doubt very high things which can be and have been, truly, as far as we can judge, compassed and expressed by mathematic rules. For example,—what can be more lofty or ennobling than the knowledge—to which science and the successively piled labours of great minds have enabled us to creep—of the times, orbits, sizes, and distances of the heavenly bodies. But as to the "essential nature of things," we do not seem much farther advanced than at the time of the wise men of Greece.

Magister.—For instance, we were speaking of Beauty in regard to works of Art. Beauty is always attractive, in whatever way it be manifested. It is an object of our involuntary as well as voluntary regard; and yet we can't define it. I fully believe, except in a general way. It is a part of the "to kalon" that baffled the ancient philosophers.

Amicus.—Yes!—the search after such abstractions reminds me of the pursuit which they say Swedenborg used to make about his room, with two hair-brushes, after the spirits which he deemed were ever hovering around him! We cannot catch an abstract essence as an entomologist does a beetle or a butterfly, and pin it down and look at it through a microscope!—Some Persian poet calls Beauty the perfume of the soul, and there it must rest.

Magister.—Some have thought to define it as the result of the union of fitness and proportion; but, as regards form, comparative anatomy alone were perhaps sufficient to show the inadequacy of such definition. Have you paid any attention to this last subject?

Amicus.—A little—that is—as regards general principles.

Magister.—You know one of these is, that there is a general connection and unity of plan in all animal bodies, which is especially evident in the higher and more developed classes. Especially as regards what our friend the professor would call the "osseous structure;" and that if you set up the skeleton of a horse or a lion on his hind feet beside that of a man, you find nearly all the principal details of the beast identical with that of the man, as the hock with the heel, the stifle joint with the knee, and the knee with the wrist, &c.

Amicus.—Yes, I recollect attending a lecture of Mr. Haydon, in which these resemblances were clearly pointed out.

Magister.—And this does not stop with the quadrupeds, but ascends to the birds, in which the wing represents the arm, and nearly all the muscles of the part of the body to which it is attached are devoted to moving it. Now, an angel has ever been considered a beautiful object in Art. The Egyptian, Hebrew, Assyrian, Phœnician, Greek, Roman, and in the latter days, our most tasteful artists, such as Raphael and Flaxman, have delighted to represent such beings. But how is the human structure to receive and accommodate arms and wings both, which are representatives of each other? Where is the room for their attachment, and for that of the muscles to move them? And could they be so attached, would not they be very much in each other's way? So much for the fitness of an object of Art which has universally been acknowledged to be beautiful. Again, I think Pliny affords an account of a Greek picture, very

celebrated and much admired, of a family circle of Centaurs, father and mother, all at home with their little foals, and yet these represented creatures with two sets of internal vital organs.

Amicus.—To accommodate which they may have dined alternately off roast meat and oats. May be, on the occasion when they met the Lapithæ, at the marriage of Hippodamia, they had lunched previously with the steeds in the stable before completing their repast with their masters upstairs; and this disagreement of words, in accordance with what some one has said as to all great dissensions being traceable to errors of digestion, may have had some part in the notable row that was got up on that occasion.

Magister.—Which afforded so favourite a subject to the artists of old. However, after all that may be said in the way of ridiculing too keen a search after precise definition, some advantages are derivable from their discussion. Many a useful discovery emanated originally from astrology and the search after the philosopher's stone; and fitness, though useless as a definition, may be, and is doubtless excellent as a quality in a work of art.

Amicus.—Especially if we give it the less pedantic name of common sense, although indeed it might be rather difficult to argue all the fine things even into that category. Unless, indeed, common sense is to be taken with a dramatic or operatic interpretation, which allows of a large licence; but even then I fear it were impossible. I am a great admirer of Milton. Trite enough! you will say; but perhaps not so much so, when I add that I am one of the very few who really have read *Paradise Lost* through, from beginning to end, every word. Moreover, I am ever reading it between whiles; but I must allow with Johnson, that I cannot away with the battle of the angels, or the gunpowder bombardment of heaven.

Magister.—Which, after all, was only a copy of Hesiod's War of the Giants and Titans.

Amicus.—That he copies too, if you recollect, separately, in the second day of the fight; that is, the Pelion-upon-Ossa part of the affair. But, doubtless, the old poet had the best of it. There was at least a dramatic fitness in making volcanoes war with heaven and belch forth rocks and flames in the face of celestial spirits; but "villanous saltpetre" should not have been introduced into angelic fight, however much Milton may have desired to express his detestation of that agent of war. The whole struggle of spirit and matter in that great poem was an unexampled difficulty to treat; but, with this exception, the great poet throws his whole authority on the side of propriety. How fitting are all the more mortal details which really could be grasped! How characteristic the representation of our first parents and the world of turbulent thoughts out of which his Satan is created! In all he could compass, every episode and thought and description was suitable for its purpose, and it was only in those parts of this subject that are beyond all mortal power that consistency is occasionally left behind. Therefore, taken as a whole, his work adds strength to the authority for common sense in Art of the highest class.

Magister.—Those who have made fitness the father, have made proportion the mother of Beauty. But they would have to allow very protean qualities to that mother. For what two beautiful objects in nature present the same? Do the lily and the rose!—or the deer and the leopard!

Amicus.—But, in the human race, do you or not think that Beauty, as far as form goes, can be brought down to any defined ratio?

Magister.—At least it would have to vary with age, sex, and character, and it would be quite vain in the practice of Art to attempt to apply one common ratio to the forms of men, women, and infancy, or to varieties of character. Nor do I think any practically useful, except a few general ones—such as those set forth by Da Vinci or Flaxman, not according to any abstract system, but from the measurements of fine nature and of the ancient statues. Beyond this they trammel Art rather than assist her, and tend to produce what the French call *chic*.

Amicus.—Which is?

Magister.—A sort of conventionalism at variance with nature, giving to works the appearance of having been done by receipt.

Amicus.—I have, nevertheless, seen some very elaborate and ingenious theories and diagrams applied to forms of recognised beauty, such as the Portland Vase, the Medicean Venus, and the Façade of the Parthenon; and there were really some remarkable results shown, certainly rather intricate and difficult to follow, but still fascinating, and having a show at least of reason. Would you regard all these labours as mere *nugæ difficiles*, and set them down as of no service whatever to Art?

Magister.—Not so—I consider Art and the professors of it much indebted to all persons who will carefully and heartily give their own views of it. It does good to Art agitating such questions, if only by bringing it before the public in various points of view; but even farther than this I am by no means inclined to deny that a good thought, even as regards practical usefulness, may occasionally be struck out by such means. But as a system on which to rest or depend, I consider such geometric schemes of beauty as illusory. I have seen some of these theories to which you allude, and I especially remember one system of beauty founded upon the proportions of the Venus de Medici, illustrated by a vast number of lines and proportions running hither and thither all over her like a web, proposing to illustrate the science on which she was formed, and to give the key to the reproduction of such beauty in Art generally. Now, even granting that she combines all that is most beautiful in female form (which I am heretic enough to be very far from), I do not believe that she was either executed by such a process, or that the student would be advantaged by such, even in copying her. As to her original creation by such means, I believe her author, could he return to the world of Art, would be as much astounded by the theory attributed to him as Shakespeare would by many latent meanings fastened on him by his commentators. As far as Art is concerned, antiquity never walked up to her creations of beauty on the legs of a pair of compasses!

Amicus.—Sir Francis Bacon seems to have been of the same mind, when he says—"Though a painter may make a better face than ever was, that he must do it by a kind of felicity (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music) and not by rule: a man," he adds, "shall see faces, that if you examine them part by part, you shall find never a good, and yet all together do well."

Magister.—Exactly. That is, we are to look for Beauty more in the harmony of details than in the individual beauty of parts considered by themselves.

Amicus.—By which means she produces so much the more variety, inasmuch as the number of tunes in music exceed that of notes. For my part, I do not admire scholastic restrictions that prescribe certain regulations to Beauty, as such and such features and colours in every case. I believe in a *retroussée* nose as well as in a Grecian one, and in red hair as well as black, or brown, or golden.

Magister.—With certain reservations, of course. However, the great master of the "Novum Organum," in the words you have just repeated, illustrates my views on this subject pretty closely. I believe, indeed, that beauty in Art arises more from a certain inspiration of harmony than from any set or definable proportion of lines or features, and that in such creations as hers, form, colours, and arrangement come into the artist's mind, like the verse and rhymes of the poet, at one birth. In nature, to which every artist looks for precept and example, how thoroughly is this harmony borne witness to! How much, as a whole, is a plant in harmony with itself in its least details, even to its smallest anther or leaflet! Nature seems never to make a mistake. Each part belongs to the others, and to change one would be like striking a false note.

Amicus.—It has been said, however, that the "Great Mother" works by mathematics.

Magister.—She may. We see she does in many



W. E. FROST. A.R.A. PINXT

T. GARDNER. SCULPT

L' ALLEGRO.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

SCULPTURE ENGRAVED FOR THE PROPRIETORS

respects, and the principle of all her manifestations may be guided by these in her inmost laboratory. But we began by agreeing that we could not arrive at the *essence* of things, and that they are only *effects* we are able to reach, even when we call them *causes*. If she creates beauties by mathematics, it is in a mode we do not understand, and surely if geometry takes such part in our creations in art, it is in a latent way, as in the other provinces of nature,—the artist's mind being but an unknowing agent—as much a part of nature as any other. There are, however, doubtless, some departments of Art in which the direct use of the rule and compass, and other mechanical aids are highly essential and useful, but truly as a nurse, not a parent—as a staff, and not an index. Thus it is in architecture, and in all that extensive field of ornament which rightly belongs to its province, and wherein conventional forms and diapers, &c., are required in repetition for the decoration of surfaces. But as regards Art in general, the more intelligent, imaginative, and vital the subject, the less way on the road to it will mechanical aids accompany and assist the aspirant. No Art can thoroughly comprehend and take in but one phase of nature.

Amicus.—Except, perhaps, the dramatic, in which man himself, in his mind, person, speech, and action, is his own brushes, paint, and canvas.

Magister.—But even that "mirror held up to nature" has but one side, and no representation requires a greater amount of allowances to be made than that of the Drama. It may be wider in its range than other Arts, but the very condensation it requires is one cause of its necessary incompleteness. Its shortcomings may be different from those of other Arts, but they exist to an equal extent. But to return to the Arts of Painting and Sculpture. It were trite to repeat that each has, as it were, but one phase of nature for its province, in which we can work profitably only according to the lights that are given us, and not according to those we fancy for ourselves; and yet the artist has not a clear view of his occupation if he has not this truth before him. The creature cannot comprehend the Creator, or His mode of creation, and it is only here and there that we are permitted to peep through a gap, as it were, to see some of the principles of the wonderful machine. Nature is but one, and the whole theory of growth and existence may be pervaded and controlled by certain geometric and arithmetic proportions—as the great events and recurrences of Astronomy, but assuredly we cannot find them out. We certainly cannot find fixed ratios and regularities everywhere; on the contrary, irregularity (perhaps from our own limited powers) meets us on every side full as much as regularity. These two qualities, indeed, as far as we are able to see, are most intimately associated in nature's works—almost, one might say, in alternate stages. What regularity of structure, of fibres, and filaments, in a leaf or a flower—and yet what endless variety and irregularity exists in their distribution in a forest or a meadow! The general shape of the globe, a sphere modified by rotation, how exact its law of form—and yet how irregular the arrangement and indentation of the seas and continents, and fortuitous to our comprehension the directions of the great chains of mountains that stretch across its surface. Pursuing this to a still wider range, how geometric are the motions of the planets which form our immediate system; and yet, how without the vestige of a regular plan that our comprehension can fathom lie in the depths of space the vast drifts of innumerable worlds that we perceive in the form of stars and nebulous masses. And "*parva componere magnis*," inasmuch as this analogy may bear upon Art, it illustrates that Beauty is not to be sought for wholly in regularity, but also in a varied and subtle inspiration not to be bound by rule; and that she is not to be extracted, as some would have it, arithmetically, like a cube root! I believe that the triumphs of Art were never reached except with the assistance of a sort of "divine afflatus," which, however, never came but to the sincere, devoted, and ardent student. And that it was not till after their completion, and not in the process of their creation, that they were connected with any strict system of geometric proportion. They

were done and admired, and it was not till afterwards, and when they had gained a steadfast niche in the temple of Fame, that they were found to possess—if they do possess—one or more ratios of arithmetic proportions. But to the idea that they were originated by such means, beyond a few simple mechanical aids obeying, but not guiding the dictates of genius, I give no credence whatever.

Amicus.—I trust to your practical knowledge. But we have been talking of the planets: what think you of the "conic sections" in which they revolve, as exponents of lines of beauty? might they not be as illustrative as those chosen by Hogarth, or others?

Magister.—Something of this has been suggested—I think, at least, as regards ellipses—showing that most graceful forms arise from their combinations.

Amicus.—The parabolic curves are of most exquisite character, and the cone, cut spirally, also would afford, I can fancy, innumerable "lines of beauty."

Magister.—But these last would not be simple conic sections.

Amicus.—So much the better; you say we are not to put Beauty into too close trammels.

Magister.—But the simple sections themselves, with their combinations, are doubtless capable of a vast variety, and I can well imagine an interesting comparison being made of the most remarkable contours of beauty with those mysterious curves that guide the wondrous denizens of heaven,—that starry host—

"Ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine." *

RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENTS,

A SOIREE AT THE PAVILION AT BRIGHTON.

THE Brighton and Sussex Society of Arts had a *soirée* a short time since at the Pavilion. I will give a short description of this *réunion* while the impression is fresh on my mind. I must first, however, relate briefly the history of the Pavilion after it was abandoned as a royal residence by our sovereign.

The reader may perhaps recollect that an Act of Parliament was obtained for the sale of the crown property at Brighton, and that in 1850, after much consideration, the inhabitants purchased the estate for £50,000. This large outlay was afterwards increased by the necessary expenses and improvements to £70,000. The wisdom of the arrangement has been proved by the event. The improvements and alterations have rendered the estate nearly self-supporting, and a portion of the debt (£10,000) has been paid off, while the annual rate for the Pavilion has not exceeded threepence in the pound in each year. The pleasure grounds, instead of being covered with buildings, are permanently thrown open to the public, and an open space, which serves as the lungs of the town, is secured in its very centre. Many of the offices and adjacent buildings have been removed; on the land, which was let advantageously on building leases, a fine row of houses with shops has been erected; the walls around the grounds have been replaced by iron rails, which permit a view of the pleasure grounds and the Pavilion from the street. The suite of state rooms, five in number, which had been dismantled of their furniture, and even of their stoves and chimney-pieces, have been repaired and re-decorated as nearly as possible in their original style, and are used as assembly rooms for balls and concerts. They were opened for the first time under the new ownership on the 21st of January, 1851, on the occasion of a grand ball, which was attended by about 800 persons.

Of all the entertainments, however, of which this suite of rooms has been the theatre, there are few which have afforded more pleasing and rational amusement than the *conversazioni* which have been given by the Literary and

Scientific Institution, and the Brighton Fine-Art Institute or Society of Arts, whichever may be its appropriate designation.

The last-mentioned society has established an exhibition of paintings by living artists.* Upon the occasion referred to, the exhibition room, formerly the palace kitchen, was lighted from the centre by gas, and thrown open to the visitors. As it is not my purpose to describe the exhibition, I shall merely observe that there were nearly 80 exhibitors, many of whom are local artists. Among the London exhibitors are Carl Haag, Lear, Gastineau, A. Fripp, Mrs. Olliver, Fanny Corboux, Bartholomew, Stephanoff, Riviere, Raven, Hine, Tidy, Barraud, &c. In an adjoining apartment were several portfolios, containing drawings by local artists, and Talbotype views. There were also pictures lent by gentlemen residing in the town. Mr. T. S. Robins presided over this department. The banquetting-room was temporarily fitted up as a concert-room. Here the "town band," conducted by Mr. Oury, played at intervals during the evening, the entertainments being varied by the performance of Sig. Bianchi on the pianoforte, and of Herr Zerom on a new instrument called the "Emmilynka."

The yellow drawing-room, the next of the suite, and, in its decorations, perhaps the most tasteful of the whole, was devoted to works of Art, lent by gentlemen and tradesmen of the town; and, in my opinion, this was one of the most pleasing features of the evening. There was here no distinction of ranks, but all classes vied in administering to the entertainment of the company. Among the articles of taste exhibited were the Plymouth race cup in silver, presented by the Queen; the Warwick race plate, with the legend of Earl Grey, both won by Rataplan, the latter was exhibited by Capt. Thelluson; a beautiful nautilus cup of the fifteenth century, set in gold, and two oriental pearls worked, by the addition of gold, into the forms of a bear and a bird; a French bronze, representing Louis IV. surrounded by the virtues. These were contributed by Mr. Lewis, the jeweller. Mr. Ellis sent statuettes and bronzes. Mr. Bright, the jeweller, contributed several electrotypes and imitation bronzes by Méné, Clavier, Robert, and Marin; a very fine and curious antique French bronze of the 15th century; copies of Roman tazze, &c. Mr. Martin, of East Street, and Mr. Crunden, of the New Road, upholsterers, contributed several curious and ornamental articles of furniture, among which were a carved oak cabinet; a splendid cabinet of the time of Louis XV., in ebony, ivory, and gold; and a table of Florentine mosaic. Mr. Duncombe exhibited another cabinet, the open doors of which displayed specimens of old Chelsea and other china; and an antique brass watch, almost as thick as a turnip, of the date of 1660. Besides these there were carved cups of rhinoceros horn, statuettes in Parian, the latter exhibited by Mr. Hawkins, the china-man; busts sent from the studio of Mr. Pepper and his son; pictures arranged on easels; books of prints; and a very interesting collection of lithograph fac-similes of autographs of distinguished persons, each specimen headed by a portrait or vignette view connected with the author. I do not profess to enumerate nearly all the curiosities and objects of Art exhibited this evening, but merely to give a general idea of them; and I have mentioned the names of some of the exhibitors in order to show to what class of persons the visitors were indebted for their entertainment.

The rooms were opened, and the company began to arrive at the early hour of seven, and at nine tea and coffee were served in the central drawing-room.

But it is time to speak of the guests, and this is the pleasantest part of a very pleasant subject. With the exception of a small sprinkling of the higher classes, the company was composed almost entirely of professional men and their families, and tradesmen with their families. The price of admission was half-a-crown, and all who desired it, and who had any claim to respecta-

* To be continued.

* The present exhibition is the fourth which has taken place in Brighton.

bility, were admitted by tickets. Everybody seemed determined to be pleased, and everybody was pleased; good humour and good manners prevailed everywhere. No party feeling, no misplaced pride of station or wealth was suffered to intercept the general harmony, for those who feared contamination from the mixture of guests absented themselves; all went merry as a marriage bell, and an expression of tranquil enjoyment lighted up all faces.

But the ladies, the reader may enquire,—how were the ladies dressed? Generally speaking, with great good taste; in evening costume, but with perfect decency, by which is meant, be it understood, that they were not *décolletées*. The great size and coldness of the apartments rendered those very graceful articles of dress called opera cloaks almost universal, and their varied colours and slight diversity of form, their graceful and flowing lines, added considerably to the picturesque character of the groups.

About ten o'clock the company began to retire, and the rooms were cleared at an early hour, and thus closed one of the most agreeable *réunions* to which I was ever a party. The arrangements for the accommodation of the guests were perfect, and great credit is due on this account to the committee of management and the secretary, Mr. Edmund Scott. There was no confusion of any kind. The police, as usual on such occasions, superintended the arrival and departure of the carriages in which the company came and left.

The number of guests was about 300, not nearly so many as those who on previous occasions had assembled at the conversations given by the Brighton Literary and Scientific Institution. Had the weather, which was extremely wet, been more favourable, the attendance would probably have been much more numerous.*

And now, it may be asked, what is the use of describing this evening's entertainment? I will explain. My object in doing so was two-fold; first, to show how easily and cheaply a most pleasant and rational evening's amusement may be obtained, where all are willing to contribute their quota to the general enjoyment; and secondly, because the *soirée* I have described was a delightful instance of the amalgamation of ranks, a happy oblivion of the barriers placed by an artificial state of society between the different classes of which it is composed. From such *réunions* we may anticipate the happiest effects. Learning and science recognise none of these distinctions; all their followers are fellow students, the only honours are those awarded to the most competent. In our recreations, on the contrary, our most exclusive and aristocratic notions break forth. We consent to pay double at a concert, in order to separate our own persons from the chance of contact with those who cannot afford to pay so much. Where the party excluded does not know how to behave in genteel society, the exclusion is proper and justifiable; but, it may well be asked, how are people to learn to behave if they are not admitted into the society of those who behave well? The great extension of education has led to a corresponding improvement in all ranks; cultivation refines our minds, but our manners must be polished by mixing with good society. The manners of the different ranks always take a tone from those above them, hence the obvious method of raising the general tone of society would be to afford opportunities, like those offered by the *soirées* at the Pavilion, for the occasional meeting, on equal terms, of different grades of society. At present every rank has its peculiar enjoyments; the pleasures of the educated classes are more refined than those of the uncultivated. Those who cannot appreciate mental enjoyments seek delight in sensual gratifications; in one point they are unanimous, namely, the necessity of recreation. The proverb says—"all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." It is not sufficient to educate the multitude, they must also be amused and entertained; the mind must have relaxation,

and will seek for it in the gin-palace and the beer-shop, if a taste for enjoyments of a higher class be not infused and cultivated. It has often been observed that women have a peculiar facility in acquiring the manners of those above them. This suggests one means of improving the habits and refining the enjoyments of the lower classes; yet, it is one which has been but too much neglected. Although men of different ranks, when thrown accidentally into each other's company, readily mix in conversation; with the other sex it is quite different. Women not only shun those whom they consider as of inferior rank, but their fathers, husbands, and brothers constantly enforce this distinction.

Let it not be supposed that I am advocating either what is called low company or communism; my object in promoting an occasional intermixture of the different ranks is, not to degrade the more elevated by reducing them to the level of those beneath them in intelligence and station, but to raise the lower classes by giving them opportunities of cultivating the tastes and sharing the more refined enjoyments of the higher ranks. It strikes me that this may be done effectively through the women. Give them occasionally the opportunities of mixing, as in the *soirées* before mentioned, with those of superior rank, upon equal terms, and they will take a tone from the society to which they are introduced. Let the terms of admission be inexpensive, and the only requisites respectability of character and suitable dress, and I have little doubt that in a few years, it will be found that the wives and daughters of the higher classes of mechanics will attend these meetings without exciting observations by the coarseness or peculiarity of their manners. With the characteristic quickness of their sex, they will perceive their own shortcomings in these points, and will study to attain the easy and elegant manners of the more refined classes. They will succeed, and will carry these refinements into the modest home of the mechanic and the artisan. This is the little portion of heaven which shall lighten the whole lump.

Great efforts have now been made for many years to educate the lower classes. Mechanics' Institutes are numerous all over the kingdom. These have ever in view the mental cultivation and improvement of men, while they entirely overlook that of the females of their families. Now, although I would not on any account that women should *habitually* seek their enjoyments and recreations from home, yet they ought to participate in the advantages which the men of their family enjoy. If they cannot go to the Institute to read, why should not the wife or daughter of a member, for a smaller subscription, have the privilege of reading books from the library at home? But above all, why should there not be periodical meetings at Mechanics' Institutes of the same nature as those at the Pavilion, to which members might bring their wives and daughters, and to which a tone might be given by the presence of persons of superior rank who feel an interest in the improvement of their countrymen? Exhibitions similar to those described in this paper are not so difficult to get up as some persons might imagine; some articles of taste would doubtless be lent by gentlemen; many would be supplied by the mechanics themselves. It must be recollected that although their masters furnish the materials, and perhaps the designs, that *they*, the mechanics, are in many cases the actual producers of the articles to which the master's name is attached. Many of these mechanics are engaged on works requiring taste or skill, or ingenuity, and which might be worthy of a place in such exhibitions, rendered doubly interesting by the display of the works of the members. There are also many tasteful branches of female employment which might properly obtain a place in this evening exhibition; among these may be enumerated, artificial flowers in wax, paper, and cambric, and fancy work of various kinds. Variety may be given to the entertainment by the introduction of music. But at first the task of suggesting and arranging the amusements would devolve upon those whose station in life has rendered them more familiar with the requirements of their guests,

and whose presence, while it promotes the real enjoyments of the meeting, operates as a restraint upon persons who might not be disposed to pay attention to the rules and regulations laid down by their equals, though for their own benefit.

One feature of these *réunions*, I must not omit to notice, namely, that notwithstanding the miscellaneous character and castes of the visitors, there is no more actual mixture than that which takes place upon the public esplanade, or in a fashionable church filled up with benches instead of pews. The various groups are essentially family groups, and, as such, remain undivided all the evening. The young, therefore, incur no risk of introductions to persons of whom their parents would not approve. And this leads me to observe that dancing, which necessarily separates the child from the arm of the parent, and not unfrequently from their sight, is systematically and very properly excluded from these *soirées*.

I must conclude by expressing a hope that my readers will not deem the apparently trivial subject of amusements beneath their notice; but that they will consider them as among the most efficient aids to civilisation and refinement; and as such will promote, as far as they are able, all rational entertainments, especially those which tend to elevate and refine the labouring classes, and to promote harmony and goodwill among all the grades of society.

M. M.

THE ART-PUBLICATIONS OF MM. GOUPIL, OF PARIS.

Too long a period has elapsed since we directed the attention of our readers to the high class engravings issued on the Continent; yet they have been exercising considerable influence, not only among the people for whom they are more especially published, but in England, where a very large number of foreign works circulate, and where they are undoubtedly, for the most part, productive of great good. We refer, not so much to the number of coloured lithographs, which find their way into all quarters, because of the small cost at which they are sold, as to that higher order of works, of which our issues in this country are few and far between; yet even of the former we may speak with respect, for they teach while they give pleasure: and it is sufficiently notorious that in the particular class to which we more immediately allude, our English artists are deficient; or at all events they abstain from sending forth to the world those "studies" of form and feature for which we are indebted to our neighbours of France. Our observations, however, mainly apply to those engravings of the higher order of Art—line engravings—which of late years very rarely appear as the issues of English houses: and our supply of which, now-a-days, chiefly comes to us from the Continent. Engraving in line seems, in truth, to have been for some time declining in this country; from the labour, and consequent expense, necessary to produce a line engraving, it is rarely that as a speculation a work of that class is found to answer: at present, we believe, there are not a dozen works of this order in progress throughout England, excepting those of small size, which appear monthly in "The Royal Gallery," and in the *Art-Journal*. But for these indeed, and the engravings in "The Vernon Gallery," British line engravers would have been, during the last ten or twelve years, entirely without employment, excepting the very few who may be styled the heads of the profession.

Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that we resort to the continent for our supply; and it is certain that the establishment under notice gives us that supply in the largest proportion, and of the greatest merit. During a recent visit to Paris, one of our principal enjoyments was derived from a visit to this renowned house; and it is that to which, at present, we propose to direct the attention of

* Before this can appear, a second *soirée*, given by the same society, under the patronage of the Duke of Richmond, will have taken place at the Pavilion.

our readers. The house of MM. Goupil was founded in 1827; it has now a branch at Berlin, and another at New York; and its "correspondence" extends over every kingdom and state in the old and the new world; in America especially they may be said to have introduced Art, for, previously, the importation of prints was very confined, and its native produce little or nothing; a taste for Art has so largely grown "by what it feeds on," that now the United States rank among the best encouragers of fine Art, and its wealthy citizens are the most liberal buyers of first class proofs. This advantage is naturally participated in by England; but it is undoubtedly the consequence of the exertions of MM. Goupil. Some idea may be formed on this head from the fact that, according to M. Goupil's report, the sales they effected there in 1848, amounted in value to 140,000 francs; in 1854 it had reached the very large sum of 569,000 francs.

A sum of nearly 100,000*l.* is annually expended by this house in the production of engravings, and MM. Goupil give employment to all the best engravers of France; attracting also to their establishment many of the leading artists of the other continental states; while a natural prominence is given to the works of the French school of painting, their catalogue includes engravings from the most famous productions of the ancient masters—Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Murillo, Paul Veronese, &c. &c.

To examine, in anything like detail, their catalogue of published engravings, would be to occupy a part instead of a page of this journal. That catalogue is a large book, containing the names of several thousand prints, a great proportion being of the cheap order, but very many of them holding rank among the highest achievements of the age in Art; and, indeed, maintaining a just claim to be placed at the head of those productions of the burin, which extend the fame, give currency to the genius, and circulate the teachings, of the painter.

A few of the works of this order we propose to bring under the notice of our readers. First is that famous print "The Hemicycle," of the Palais des Beaux Arts,—the great master work of the great artist, Paul de la Roche; engraved by a worthy associate, Henriquel Dupont. The picture is almost as well known in England as in France, for it is one of the lions of Paris, which no Englishman ever fails to visit. To describe it is needless; the accomplished engraver has made it common property; for all its worth excepting colour, is conveyed by the burin; and, although of large size, it is issued at so comparatively small a price as to be within the reach of ordinary purchasers.

The list of M. Goupil contains a very large number of works after Paul de la Roche; they are in various styles—all extending the renown of the great painter, and bringing to his atelier the homage of those who love and appreciate the excellent in Art of every country of the world; his illustrations of History are familiar: "Stafford going to Execution;" "Charles the First in the Guard-house;" "The Children in the Tower;" and other passages from our English historians, have long been the favourites of our drawing-rooms: while holier thoughts and loftier inspirations are excited by the "Saint Amelie," the "Virgin Mother," and "The Entombment," and the best of our home sympathies are moved by that exquisitely touching composition "Les Joies d'une Mère," and others of its beautiful class: portrait-history being, as it were, consecrated by such works as those of "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," and "Napoleon at Fontainebleau." These grand prints, upon which we cannot find space to enlarge, bear the names of Dupont, Martinet, Mercury, François and Forster, as engravers.

The paintings of Scheffer have naturally been largely multiplied by MM. Goupil; perhaps no living master has so much influenced the heart as this true master; his "Christus Consolator," engraved by Henriquel Dupont, is the cherished guest of many English homes; its companion, the "Christus Romu-

erator," (engraved by Blanchard) is only its second in public favour; while such works as "The Holy Women at the Tomb," convey the lessons of Art as pure and holy missionaries of Christianity. For giving these admirable and very beautiful productions to the world, the public incurs a debt to the publisher scarcely less than that they owe to the artist.

These are not the only great artists of the French school, whose loftier imaginative works MM. Goupil have multiplied; although these famous painters have obtained a popularity in England which very few of our own artists have achieved; their popularity indeed argues well for our own advanced and improved taste; the circulation of such publications cannot be too wide: it may, in a degree, humble us, in our own self-esteem, when we call to mind the enormous sums lavished in this country—idly or worse—upon multiplications of dogs and horses. But there is, happily, an ample "public" for a better order of things; and we cannot doubt that, if our publishers would dare the higher aspirations of Art, they would "find their account" in them—and not allow the publishers of France to obtain all the glories that are to be derived from the pure and true Art.

It is not to be supposed, however, that MM. Goupil have not ministered to the taste of the multitude in their publications. To say nothing of the thousands of coloured prints, prints in mezzotint, in aqua-tinta, and in lithography;—comprising war-scenes, fair-faces, landscapes, sea-scenes, costumes, foreign incidents and characters; objects of Art, industry, portraits of great men (dead and living), flower-pieces, studies of ornament, pictures of famous cities; in short, every topic that can be made available by Art to impart pleasure or to convey knowledge, has found a circulation to all classes through the means of these eminent and extensive publishers. And in thus endeavouring to make their works and themselves even better known than they are in England we discharge one of the pleasantest, as well as the most imperative, duties of the editor.

We shall endeavour to make amends for past neglect by occasionally drawing attention to the meritorious issues of this renowned establishment.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

MANCHESTER.—The Mechanics' Institution of this city has recently risen to such an extent and importance as to call for the erection of a new and larger building than that hitherto used for the accommodation of the members and the business of the society. The edifice now erecting is approaching completion; and the directors of the Institute propose to open it in the ensuing autumn, with an exhibition of the Fine and Industrial Arts, of every kind,—paintings, sculpture, engravings, antiquities, scientific inventions, raw materials, industrial products, machinery, &c. In short, they hope to make the exhibition a "miniature edition," so to speak, of what has been witnessed in Hyde Park and in the Champs Elysées; only limiting it, we presume—though we are not certain—to objects of home production, so far as the Industrial Arts are concerned at least. The floor space in the new building applicable to the purposes proposed, exceeds 20,000 feet, and the walls are well adapted to the display of pictures, drawings, engravings, &c. We are desirous of aiding the object of the directors, by calling the attention of such of our readers as are in a position to assist the undertaking to what is contemplated. There is enough of spirit and enterprise in Manchester to carry out such a project successfully, as regards the thickly populated district in which it is situated, and profitably, as regards contributors; and it is only by the constant exhibition and comparison of works of science and skill that retrogression or progress is made manifest. We believe that the appeal which the directors are making will not be in vain; and we doubt not when the opportunity for reporting the result arrives, we shall be able to congratulate them on their success. It is right we should mention that Mr. O. Heywood, the president of the institution, or Mr. E. Hutchings, the secretary, will be glad to reply to any communications on the subject that may be addressed to them.

LEEDS.—Three competitors, Messrs. Behnes, Noble, and Milnes, have sent in models for the statue of the late Mr. E. Baines, in this town: that of Mr. Milnes was at once placed *hors de combat*, but the committee being unable to decide between the other two, have requested the sculptors to make such alterations in their models as they may consider necessary, or to produce entirely new ones. Mr. Milnes was voted the sum of 20*l.* as compensation for his labour.—The Wellington statue, by Marochetti, has arrived in Leeds, and will, ere long, be erected in the place of its destination, opposite the town-hall.

CARLISLE.—The annual meeting of those interested in the School of Art in this city took place at the end of November. The institution has not been in operation much longer than a year, but during that period the average number of pupils attending the central school was fifty-nine, while various public and private schools availed themselves of the services of the master, and an exhibition, opened at the central school, had been visited by upwards of two thousand persons. The number of pupils continued to increase, but the institution is in debt to the amount of 125*l.*, arising from the expenditure in fitting up the school, and furnishing it with models; to clear off this debt about 52*l.* had been subscribed. The current expenses of the institution were almost met by the receipts.

WORCESTER.—The friends and patrons of the School of Art, recently established in Worcester, had their annual meeting on the 30th of November. The report stated that the school continued to extend its operations and to give promise of satisfactory results. The number of pupils who attended the classes during the past year reached 287, and 400 children of four public schools had received regular instruction in elementary drawing, being an increase of 329 over the preceding year. In the course of a speech delivered by Lord Ward, who presided on the occasion, his lordship took occasion to remark on the success which had attended the Schools of Design in the Potteries of Staffordshire, and instanced Mr. Minton's beautiful display of manufactures at the Paris Exhibition, which had been all eagerly bought up, while orders had been given to the manufacturer that would take him a very considerable time to execute. This, Lord Ward said, ought to act as a stimulus to the manufacturers of Worcester to provide themselves with real artistic assistants, and also should induce them to aid their school by pecuniary contributions; it is at present in debt to a small amount, the donations and subscriptions having fallen off during the past year.

BELFAST.—Owing to some misadventure, we have only very recently received a report of the inauguration, at Belfast, of the statue erected in that city to the memory of the late Earl of Belfast, a nobleman in the truest sense of the word, whose death, at the early age of twenty-five years, was a severe loss to the country of his birth, and indeed to the whole kingdom. The statue was inaugurated by the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Carlisle, with due solemnity, and in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators met together to pay due honour to a man whose brief life was passed in endeavours to ameliorate the condition of others, and to promote their intellectual and moral growth. The speech delivered by his Excellency was one of the most eloquent tributes to departed excellence that we ever remember to have read. So also was that of a young nobleman, Lord Dufferin, at the banquet given subsequently, on whose shoulders the mantle of the deceased earl seems to have descended, in the ability and desire to benefit others. "Fresh generations," said Lord Dufferin, "shall tread in the streets of your town; your city itself shall increase in wealth and splendour; the names of most of us who have associated at this day's ceremony shall be forgotten; but still amongst all chance and change, that statue, standing so silent and motionless upon its pedestal, in the centre of the rushing tide of human life that ever flows to and fro around, shall still preserve the memory of Frederick Richard, Earl of Belfast." The statue is of bronze, the work of Mr. Mac Dowell, R. A., and is a fine example of portrait-sculpture. Mr. Mac Dowell is a Belfast man, and we have no doubt, exerted his utmost on a work which will do him honour as well as him whom it represents. But as we propose to engrave it among our sculpture illustrations, we postpone our remarks till we can enter upon the subject more at length.

HARLECH.—A favourite subject with our painters of Welch scenery, the old castle at Harlech, on the coast of Merionethshire, is being repaired at the cost of the government; the office of Woods and Forests has it in its keeping, and it is the third of the ancient castellated buildings in Wales which the authorities within the last few years have undertaken to restore.

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XI.—SIR AUGUSTUS WALL CALLCOTT, R.A.



OUR recollection of the Royal Academy extends over a period of somewhat more than thirty years; yet, during that comparatively short space of time, what a change has passed over this associated body of artists. Of the thirty-eight Academicians, whose names appeared in the Catalogue of 1824, from which we date back, eight only are now living:—Baily, A. E. Chalon, A. Cooper, R. Cook (an artist, by the way, whose works we have never seen), Mulready, Sir R. Smirke, J. Ward, and Sir R. Westmacott. Of the nineteen Associates of that year, all have gone from the scenes of their labours except Leslie, Jones, and W. H. Pickersgill. Year after year, as our eyes have glanced round the walls of the Exhibition-rooms, the pleasure we felt at the sight of some rising star, whose genius seemed destined to add new lustre to our school, has been mingled with hearty regret for the loss of those luminaries whose suns had gone down—many

of them "while it was yet day." Year by year have we missed from their accustomed places the fine historical compositions of Hilton and Northcote, the wild imaginings of Fuseli, the elegant conceptions of the venerable Stothard, the classic graces of Howard, the gorgeous colourings of Etty, the courtly portraits of Lawrence, Shee, and Beechey, the vigorous, manly faces that Jackson and Phillips transferred to their canvasses, and the humours of the inimitable Wilkie. Among the landscapes, too, have gradually disappeared the Indian jungles of Daniell, with their wild inhabitants, the corn-fields and meadows of Constable, glittering with dew and sunshine, the cottage homes and sandy shores of Collins; the scenes in England and in Italy which Callcott painted as with a pencil of silver, and those which Turner gave us from a palette laden with all the tints of the rainbow. Descending from the pictures to the Sculpture-room, we have looked in vain for the classic groups that Flaxman modelled, and the graceful forms which Chantrey was wont to present to his visitors. These are the more noted names that a few brief years have taken from us; names which will for ever be ranked amongst the brightest in the annals of our native School.

Music and Painting have through a long series of years found their homes in two families allied by marriage, and residing in a locality whose name to those unacquainted with the spot would seem to have but little harmonious association with the Arts, of any kind. Kensington Gravel Pits, such is the place alluded to, whatever it may have been in days of yore, is now adorned with some venerable picturesque mansions, such as in the present day are rarely to be found in the suburbs of London, almost concealed by stately trees of far older growth. Here, or in the immediate vicinity, for a period extending to nearly a century, lived, or now live, Dr. Callcott, William Horsley, and William Hutchins

Callcott—names well known to every lover of genuine English vocal compositions—Sir Augustus Callcott, and John Callcott Horsley, the newly-elected Associate of the Academy. Sir Augustus Callcott was born in 1779, at Kensington Gravel Pits, and resided there all his life, a period of nearly sixty-six years. He gave early indication of a taste for the Fine Arts in general, but in consequence, it may be presumed, of his relationship to Dr. Callcott, his brother, he chose music as a profession, and for some years officiated in the choir of Westminster Abbey, under the late Dr. Cooke. Whether or not he employed his pencil during this time, we are unable to state, but before he had reached his twentieth year he had studied portrait-painting under Hoppner, and had exhibited a portrait which augured considerable success in this department of Art; but he very soon turned his attention to landscape, and frequently was heard to say, that he was greatly induced to change his practice from seeing Stothard's charming designs to "Robinson Crusoe."

It was, we believe, in 1803 that Callcott first made his *début* as a landscape-painter, in which he was so successful that, four years afterwards, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. In 1810 he became a Member, sending his "Morning" as his diploma-picture; the highest honour of the profession was thus rapidly attained, and never was it more worthily bestowed; while the admiration his pictures excited, and his inestimable private character, procured for him the friendship and encouragement of all the distinguished patrons and lovers of Art of his time. In 1827, Callcott married the widow of Captain Graham, R. N., and daughter of Admiral Dundas, a lady whose extensive erudition and writings gave her a distinguished place in public favour.* With her he visited Germany, the Tyrol, and Italy, and applied to the scenes of nature and works of Art, to which his travels introduced him,

the cultivated perceptions of a mind ever alive to the suggestions derivable from both. It was this habit of constant and watchful observation that gave to his conversation such an interest, and to his criticism so much worth, from its truth and discrimination.

In 1837 her Majesty was graciously pleased to confer on Mr. Callcott the honour of knighthood, as an especial mark of his Sovereign's recognition of his merits as a painter, and of his personal excellencies. In 1843, her Majesty gave another testimony of royal approbation, by appointing him Keeper of the Royal Collections of Pictures, an office then vacant by the death of Mr. Seguer. At the time this appointment was made Sir A. W. Callcott was sinking under the pressure of disease, and, actuated by delicate and honourable feeling, he hesitated to accept so important and onerous a post; but, as both the Queen and Prince Albert graciously expressed a wish that his state of health should not interfere with the acceptance of the trust, his scruples were removed. In the due arrangement and classification of those treasures of Art which form the Royal Galleries, and of which a large majority of the most interesting the public have now the opportunity of knowing through the *Art-Journal*,

he was sedulously employed till death terminated his labours, after



Engraved by]

THE BENEVOLENT COTTAGERS.

[J. & G. F. Nicholls.

* Lady Callcott, when Mrs. Graham, went to India with her husband, in 1809, where she remained two years, visiting during that period many of the most remarkable places in the country, and published an account of her travels on her return home. At a subsequent period she made a journey to Italy, where she resided for some time; the results of this visit were two separate volumes, "Three Months in the Environs of Rome," and "Memoirs of Nicholas Poussin." In 1821 she embarked with her husband for South America, but Captain Graham died on his passage thither, and was buried at Valparaíso. In 1836 her last literary production appeared, under the title of "Essays towards the History of Painting," a most useful contribution to the library of the Art-student.

an illness of many years' duration, which was interrupted only by short intervals of comparative health, that excited the hopes, though they scarcely allayed the fears, of his numerous friends and admirers. He died on the 25th of November, 1844, and was buried at Kensal Green.



Engraved by]

TRENT IN THE TYROL.

[J. & G. P. Nicholls.

Callcott was a large and constant contributor to the Royal Academy, the rules of the Academy limit every exhibitor, and his pictures were, in very frequently sending the total number of eight paintings, to which general, readily recognised by his pure and delicate colouring. The



Engraved by]

ROTTERDAM.

[J. & G. P. Nicholls.

works of a landscape-painter scarcely admit of so detailed a criticism as do those of a painter of history or of *genre* subjects. His favourite themes were those wherein water occupied a prominent place; and many of his most charming pictures were made up of coast scenes: it was Sydney

Smith, we believe, who christened him "Sea-shore Callcott." He very rarely attempted figure subjects, strictly so called; but in 1832 he exhibited a picture of "Italian Girls going in procession to their First Communion;" and in the following year "Shepherd Boys with their Dogs." But his most important work of this character was "RAFFAELLE AND THE FORNARINA," exhibited in 1837, and engraved by the Art-Union of London, and which we have introduced here as an example of Callcott's ability to treat the historical class of subject.

Callcott has been called the modern Claude, so also has Turner; but Callcott's works, both in composition and colour, bear a closer resemblance to Claude's than do those of Turner. His distances are deficient in the space we find in the landscapes of the old master, but the aerial perspective is exquisitely rendered, and the general effect of the distance more pleasing. He was a close imitator of nature, observing her with the eye of a true poet, while he interpreted her with the most exact fidelity. "With a fine feeling," says Dr. Waagen, "for



Engraved by]

RAFFAELLE AND THE FORNARINA.

[J. & G. P. Nicholls.

the picturesque in conception, he unites a delicacy of drawing most favourably seen in his figures and animals, which are most tastefully introduced. In his earlier pictures, the colouring is powerful, and often warm; in his later, rather too uniformly cool, and sometimes almost insipid. His execution is spirited and careful." The critic, when he spoke of "insipidity," was unconscious amid how much personal suffering and consequent mental prostration these works were frequently produced. His pictures, many of which were publicly exhibited after

his death, are to be found in every English private gallery of any repute.

High as Callcott stood in public estimation as an artist, those who had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance held him in still higher regard. His private character exhibited many of the most beautiful traits which pertain to the excellent of the earth, kindness, gentleness, benevolence, uprightness; he was literally a father to the fatherless, and a man of warm and generous feeling, showing itself in deeds of charity, the result of principle, not of impulse: his memory is revered by all who knew him.

SHEFFIELD PLATE.
THE PATENT ENGRAVED PLATE OF
MESSRS. SKINNER & BRANSON.

SHEFFIELD has been long famous, all the world over, for its plated goods; so famous, indeed, that its name affixed to metal productions at once indicates its character; and this supremacy it maintains, notwithstanding active competition of other British towns and in several cities of the Continent. Centuries before it acquired fame for its "plate," its steel had been renowned; Chaucer, in his "Pilgrimage to Canterbury," gives the miller "a Sheffield whittle"; but it was not until the middle of the 18th century that the "substitutes for silver" originated here. It is still "unrivalled in the extent to which this manufacture is carried, and in the elegance and durability of its productions,"—those of

Sheffield bearing a higher price in "the market," than those of any other locality. The history of this process, which has, during little more than a hundred years, grown so enormously as to give employment to nearly half a million of persons, is so very simple and may be told so briefly, as to justify its introduction here:—

"In 1742 Mr. Thomas Bolsover, an ingenious mechanic, when employed in repairing the handle of a knife, composed partly of silver and partly of copper, was, by the accidental fusion of the two metals, struck with the possibility of uniting them so as to form a cheap substance, which should present only an exterior of silver, and which might therefore be used in the manufacture of various articles in which silver had before been solely employed. He consequently began a manufacture of articles made of copper, plated with silver, but confined himself to buttons, snuff-boxes, and other light and small articles. Like many other inventors, he probably did not see the full value of his discovery, and it was reserved for another member

of the Corporation of Cutlers of Sheffield, Mr. Joseph Hancock, to show to what other uses copper, plated with silver, might be applied; and how successfully it was possible to imitate the finest and most richly-embossed plate. He employed it in the manufacture of waiters, urns, tea-pots, candlesticks, and most of the old decorations of the side-board, which, previously to his time, had been made solely of wrought silver. The importance of the discovery was soon fully understood."

The subject to which we more immediately direct the attention of our readers is an improvement very recently introduced into "Sheffield plate," by Messrs. SKINNER & BRANSON of that town; and although we associate with this notice a group of engravings of the principal objects of their manufacture, our purpose is mainly to offer some comments on the leading feature of their works, although their productions are not limited to their own particular patent. The advantage of this patent consists



THE PLATED PRODUCTIONS OF MESSRS. SKINNER AND BRANSON.

in the engraved ornamentation to which an article is subjected; being bolder, more effective, and bearing a nearer resemblance to hand-work than has been hitherto achieved, while as a mechanical process chiefly, or entirely, the work is effected at a very trifling cost. Indeed, the cost of an article thus ornamented, very little exceeds the price at which it could be sold plain. As the process is patented, there can be no objection to explain it, and Messrs. Skinner & Branson have supplied us with the following details, abridged probably from their specification:—*

"The process is as follows:—Take first a copper-plate, and take from it an impression with an ink made by boiling linseed oil to the consistency of common treacle; the paper used is thin, similar to that in use by the potters in transferring prints to

* Their patent includes other modes of producing this work, with these effects, but the one referred to is that which they chiefly use.

earthenware. When the impression is taken it is transferred to the article to be decorated, the ink used being of a sticky or glutinous nature. A sponge and warm water is then used to crumble off the paper when the impression of ink will be found on the metal surface; fine resin (powdered) is then applied to the surface through a sieve of fine gauze, the fine particles of resin fix themselves closely to the sticky impression, in fact sink into it. In this state the work is left for a few hours; by this time the impression becomes completely saturated with the resin. A soft brush then dusts off the powdered resin from the surface of the article, and it is perfectly cleansed from the loose resin (which is very important) by a soft rag. By this time you have the resin sunk into and on the design, while the surface is perfectly clean from it. In this state, hot water is poured on the work, which melts the resin and amalgamates it with the printing ink which becomes a varnish sufficiently powerful to resist strong acid. The work is then bitten in in the same manner as engravers bite in

their work. The surface being cleansed, the article is ready for plating."

The acids used are, of course, the secrets of the trade; in fact, the process in its earlier parts resembles that adopted by the potter, and in its latter stages that in use by the engraver, or etcher. As it is, however, the application has produced very satisfactory results, with the important advantage that, as it is easy and rapid, but little extra expense is incurred by the manufacturer, and, consequently, but little by the consumer. The one thing wanted is GOOD DESIGN: this is indeed the "all in all" required by so many of our manufacturers. Hitherto, Messrs. Skinner & Branson have striven for strong effects rather than for a purer order of ornamentation; but they are rapidly advancing in this respect, and we hope to see arise from this valuable patent a marked improvement in all classes and orders of "Sheffield goods."

SUGGESTIONS OF SUBJECT TO THE STUDENT IN ART.*

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction—Effect of Themes repeated—Fields open to the Artist—Sources awaiting the Pioneer—Pictures lost in Portfolios—Hypatia in the Schools—The Daughter of Theon borne to the Basilica—The Captive's Prediction to Agrippa—The Emperor Charles V. and the Woodman—Illyrian Ballads—The Heydukes—Love wakes the Dead—St. Mary the Egyptian—Dante—The Angel at the Gate—Monsieur du Corbeau—An Irishman's Version of La Fontaine—A Georgic of the Day—Immortal Youth of Oxen: Mago to wit—Concino Concini—Eleonora Galigai—Death of Gustavus Adolphus—Francis Albert of Saxe-Lauenburg—Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar.

AMONG the many and various merits of Mr. Leighton's truly admirable work, "The Madonna of Cimabue, carried in procession through the Streets of Florence," not the least important is the fact that the painting is a highly suggestive one. Who can stand before this picture without finding incident after incident recur to his memory, each attaching itself in some manner to the story of the well-known personages represented in the painting? Now we have some touching or stirring episode, heard once again in the musical periods of Dante, or there rises before us some noble structure, recalled by the figures of Arnolfo di Lapo, or Nicolo Pisano; then passes some jacketed angel, or other quaint apparition, summoned to the mind's eye by the forms of Gaddo Gaddi or Simone Memmi. Or, it may be, that the more youthful spectator shall be laughing in his heart, as he pictures to himself some wicked prank performed by the mischief-loving Buffalmacco; whether fixing his tiny torches to the backs of great beetles, and setting the creatures to crawl about his chamber, in the hope of curing his master, Andrea Tafi, of the inconvenient practice, adopted by the latter, of rousing him to his work before the dawn; or whether salting the broth of his neighbour, Capodoca, in return for the music of that spinning-wheel, which the goosehead's wife did not fail to set whirring, before Buffalmacco had well laid his head on his pallet—the painter's couch, unluckily, standing in too close proximity to the instrument of her industry.

It will be remarked that we here allude chiefly to the facts and incidents recalled by Mr. Leighton's "Cimabue," making but slight mention of its higher action on the regions of thought and feeling. The obvious effect of the work in these directions we do not now insist on: our business for the present is rather to invite attention to the many pictures existing in and called up by the one painting before us; and we are led to confine ourselves to this consideration by the dearth of subject that would seem to exist among artists, if we are to judge by their very frequent reproduction of the same idea, and by the pertinacity with which they cling to some few hacknied themes.

Certain remarks to this effect, with expressions of regret that a new and good subject was not more frequently treated by our rising artists, were heard to proceed from a group of accom-

plished amateurs, at the private view, on the opening of the Royal Academy's Exhibition, in the present year, and they were such as might have been listened to with advantage by more than one amply-gifted aspirant to the honours of the brush.

For how many a nascent light is extinguished by the deadening chills of that indifference with which the ordinary spectator turns from the oft-repeated tale, but too generally presented by the canvas of our painters! Or if to this it be replied that the true master in Art, the judge, on whose decision the student's hopes are hanging, will detect the merit of the work, however hacknied its theme, may not the lover of Art rejoin by asking, "Why, yet, should the youthful painter do his genius the wrong that results from ever harping on so few strings, when he has the full diapason wherewith to charm the spheres? Wherefore will he submit to endure the cold reluctance of that faint regard which is all we give to the well-known, and often-related, when the boundless universe, with mines of yet unappropriated wealth, lies before him? when, not this world only, 'with all that it inherits,' but every other also, with whatever riches they may be endowed withal, is his domain!"

Yes, certainly; for if science have her limits, that she may not overpass, none have yet been laid down for the realms of imagination. Let the learned waste their breath over such questions as whether this or that planet have its dwellers; but for you—Oh, ye of higher destinies! the radiant creatures that make bright your visions, shall richly suffice to people each and all, if such shall be your pleasure! Admitting, then, that you have "conquered worlds," what shall forbid you to "imagine new?"

But is this so? Has the painter, verily, nothing more remaining to him beneath the glimpses of the moon? Has he indeed exhausted all the resources of our own poor planet? Can the history of nations offer no event of interest sufficient to tempt his notice? Is there nothing in poetry that may stir his spirit? Does the drama present no scene still worthy of his pencil? Has exquisite Nature no effect, as yet unmarked by the crowd of her lovers? Nay, has not our daily life full many an incident yet untold of the limner? Enough there is, in each and all of these limitless regions! Do but look for yourselves, ye who aspire to join that band of immortals, amidst whose shining ranks "Cimabue" so worthily holds his place. Follow not, each on the trace of the other, as do sheep that would enter the penfold, but acknowledge, once for all, that Judith, with her ill-won trophy, is not the only treasure to be gathered from the stores of Holy Writ; that his Ophelia, his Beatrice, are not the sole creations of our world-adored Shakspeare; that the Florentine has other pictures beside that of his Francesca; or—to descend at once into such an atmosphere as we have strength for breathing in—that one may at length be supposed to possess a sufficiency of Marianas, more especially when we consider how few of those paraded before us bear the palest resemblance to that Mariana of the poet, whose delicate presentment is but marred by the many counterfeits usurping her name.

Should then the painter be a book-worm, perpetually hunting through the widely spreading regions of storied eld, for the "subject" that, in such case, he would, perhaps, be slow to find? Or should he consume his days in the study of those "modern instances" so much less likely to reward his labour? By no means. There is not indeed any great danger in this our time, that the younger votary of Art should wear his eyes out over black-letter; and if the many among his brethren who have made shipwreck on the rocks of commonplace, do not warn him from putting his trust in the last new poem, or "the novel of the season,"—Heaven save the mark!—no lamp that we have the force to light could avail to serve him for a beacon; nor is he of the number of those for whom we could hopefully sound the note of warning.

But the question of how, and to what extent, the artist should be a reader, is one into which

we are not now about to enter; here, as in all beside, the golden mean is, without doubt, the golden rule; and in no case do we advocate undue devotion to book-lore, whether of the old or the new. Nay, since life is indeed so short, and Art so long, there at once arises the question, has the painter leisure for protracted communings with the historian and the poet, the dramatist or the mythologist? and we incline to think that he has not. His hours are all too few for the various studies attaching themselves peculiarly to his own most glorious art. The demands of the painting-room, with its numerous dependencies, and often conflicting claims, have the right to supersede those of the library, and therefore are we about to try if we cannot assist the student to economise those precious hours. We propose, that is, to delve for him, in the fields extending their illimitable space around us, presenting for his selection whatever may be found, that shall seem to offer matter worthy of his notice.

In this attempt to serve as the painter's pioneer, we shall not confine ourselves to order of time, nor seek to establish arrangement as to class of subject. Passing through all ages, and examining each period of the world's progress, we shall levy contributions from all sources, and take our spoil wherever it may be found; our object being to offer suggestions that may suit themselves to all good tendencies, and gratify every pure taste. Thus, times, ancient or modern; lands, far or near; story, national or personal; incident, grave or gay; each in turn shall be made to render tribute, and take part in that service of the youthful student in Art, whereunto we propose to devote the pages that follow.

Nor, among the sources whence we may probably draw, for his advantage, will the least abundant be found in those stores of undeveloped thought, often much lamented over by the present writer, during a life-long perambulation through all the best-known, and not a few of the more obscure, Galleries of Europe. We allude to the many admirable designs lying incomplete—perhaps never to be completed—and now lost amidst forgotten leaves in the numerous portfolios, over which we have not unfrequently been permitted to pass a delightful hour, when "living glorious days" among the studios of northern or southern cities. In the number of these has been found many a well-selected theme, rarely carried beyond the life-like sketch, dashed off in the first heat of conception, or, if worked out into the series of studies, serving to exhibit the more advanced purpose of the author, yet never matured into the noble and admirable picture of which not a few give ample promise.

"Hypatia in the Schools" and "The daughter of Theon borne to the Basilica" were the titles appended to two of these sketches; and in this instance the world of Art has sustained all the greater loss from the non-completion of a worthy purpose, because the hand of the artist is now cold in death. Nor has this subject been treated, so far as we know, by any other master.

In the first of the works in question, the beautiful daughter of Theon is presented in the midst of her disciples. She has risen to receive the Patriarch Cyril, who is entering on the one hand, while Orestes, Prefect of Alexandria, departing on the other, turns a glance of anger and disdain on the Patriarch. This last circumstance shows the point of time selected to be that when the enmity of these rivals in ambition had reached its climax, and was soon to result in the destruction of the virtuous Hypatia.

These sketches, some parts of which are exquisitely finished, exhibit many high qualities. The artist represents forcefully, because he has felt strongly—one of the first requisites to success. His composition is clear and simple. The principal groups are nobly conceived, while the subordinate figures, which are numerous, give occasion for a rich variety in attitude and expression; nor has the master neglected his opportunity. The face and form of Hypatia, in particular, are remarkable for their intellectual beauty and high refinement: the pose of her

* [We have for a very long period desired to obtain a series of papers that might be so constructed and arranged as to supply suggestions of subjects for the artist. The task we know to be one of no ordinary difficulty, demanding a combination of requirements very rare—extensive reading, acquaintance with many languages, the advantage of travelling in several countries, and above all an intimate acquaintance with Art, in the past and in the present, and a power to estimate its wants, its capabilities, and its results. The accomplished lady who has commenced these papers, has already obtained the respect and confidence of the artists by her translation of, and notes to, Vasari; and the grace and vigour of her style have obtained for her a wide popularity. We believe she has visited all the leading capitals of Europe, where her chief objects of attraction and study have been the collections of pictures; her other advantages are of a high order, and we believe few persons could be found so well qualified to execute the task we have had the pleasure to place in her hands. We have no doubt of seeing the results of her labour and research in our future exhibitions, giving to them a variety and a character hitherto unknown to them.—Ed. A. J.]

† "Capodoca," i.e., "Goosehead," was the bye-name given by Buffalmacco to the neighbour in question.

figure is simple and elegant; from one hand she is laying a scroll (on which may be read a portion of the word "Diaphantus," in the Greek character, showing that the beautiful sage had been engaged with a work of that rhetorician, when interrupted by the visit of the Prefect), while with the other she has gathered up the ample folds of her flowing drapery, her action exhibiting inexpressible grace and dignity. The mingled sweetness and gravity of her features are in perfect harmony with that high character for purity, diffidence, and every other feminine virtue, accorded to Hypatia by the united voices of history. Her finely-formed head is turned towards the haughty figure of the approaching Patriarch, on whom she has fixed the calm gaze of her thoughtful eyes, and whose form—of truly regal port—comes proudly sweeping towards her, with a movement, the life and animation of which are among the highest merits of the work. The architecture is of correct proportions; and the minor accessories have a propriety and significance which do but increase the regret of the beholder, as he considers that all is but a promise not destined to be fulfilled, unless, indeed, some youthful aspirant, becoming sensible to the attraction of the subject, as here presented to him—but treating it according to the dictates of his own genius—should some day establish his fame by the truthful representation of a woman who so well deserves to be commemorated.*

In the second sketch the calumniated Hypatia is in the hands of her ruthless murderer, the fiend-like Petron, who has dragged her from her chariot as she was returning from the schools. He directs his myrmidons towards the Basilica, within whose desecrated walls her pure spirit was destined to depart, and seek congenial skies, but not until the wholly innocent victim of an implacable hatred had suffered torments such as memory shudders to recal. The head of Hypatia is the only part of this study that is more than faintly indicated; the demon countenance of Petron (or Petrus as he is also called) alone excepted.

The following passage has been more than once discussed by the present writer, with very competent authorities, all of whom have admitted its aptitude for the purposes of the Painter; it is further recommended by the easy accessibility of the author, who is, indeed, in the hands of all.† The words of the writer are these:—

"Now Agrippa stood in his bonds before the royal palace, and leaned on a certain tree for grief, with many others who were in bonds also. And beholding a certain bird on the tree (the Romans call it bubo, which is an owl), one of those bound, a German by nation, asked who was that man clothed in purple, and having been told, he begged leave of the soldier to whom he was chained, to approach him. Being suffered to do so, the German captive addressed Agrippa in these words:—'O young man, know well that thou shalt soon be delivered from these bonds, and wilt attain to such dignity that he who now pities thy hard fortune shall envy thy greatness. Know also, that when thou shalt see this bird once again, thou wilt then have but five days more to live. I appeal to my own country gods as well as to thine, that these words are true; and I adjure thee by all these gods, that thou forget not my bonds when thou hast obtained thine own freedom, but seek to deliver me; so that I be witness to thy good fortune.'"

The life of the Emperor Charles V. is one that has received due attention from painters, but here is a short anecdote, related by Sandoval, in his history of that monarch, which appears to have escaped their notice, although not incapable of effective delineation, as was proved by a spirited design made, at the suggestion of the present writer, by a student in the gallery of the Academy at Venice:—

"The Emperor was hunting the stag at no great distance from his capital, and chancing to

outstrip his attendants, struck the quarry while thus alone. He had scarcely done so before he espied an old woodman, driving an ass with a load of wood on its back.

"Lend me thine animal to convey my game to the city," said the Emperor, "and thou shalt be paid for his labour and thine own."

"Not so, brother!" returned the woodman; "you stag is a heavier weight than my beast may bear. You are stronger than he, and might carry both him and the stag together, if need were. Take your game on your own shoulder, then, and God be with you."

The scene of this incident, as given by the young Venetian above alluded to, is a forest-glade of surpassing beauty; the group formed by the colloquists and the animals, is placed partly within the shadow of some noble trees, while a stream of sunlight pouring down a distant ravine, gives to view the retreating figures of a hunting-party, yet without unduly distracting the attention from those in the foreground. Of these, that of the emperor exhibits the form and head rendered familiar by his numerous portraits, but wearing an expression rarely seen on it,—amused surprise, namely,—at so unwonted a circumstance as the refusal of his request, and the puzzled, half-doubting look of one not yet certain that so strange a thing can have occurred. The sturdy determination of the woodman is, nevertheless, sufficiently obvious in his attitude and action, as he turns the head of his ass to lead him thence; nor is there a trace of indecision in his countenance, which is yet not stern or displeasing; on the contrary, it is that of a perfectly good-humoured, and very handsome old man. The face and figure of a stolid-looking peasant boy, who accompanies the woodman, lend additional variety to the expressions depicted.

Inexhaustible is the wealth of picture to be found in the national songs and ballads of the Slavonic tribes, and of all their congeners. Those chaunted by the peasant of Illyria to his single-stringed guitar, called the guzla, are more particularly valuable as viewed in this light. Among them is one composed by a performer who enjoyed high reputation in his country, and from this more than one fair canvas might be filled. The composer is Hyacinth Maglanovich, and the ballad, called "The Death of the Heydukes," is as follows:—

"Within the shade of a deep cavern, and stretched on its hard floor, lies a brave Heyduke, the dreaded Cristich Mladin; beside him kneels his faithful wife, and at his feet are their two dauntless sons.

"Three days have they remained without food, nor hath the blessing of water moistened their lips, for each pass of the mountain is held by their foes, the cowardly Pandours; yet none dare suffer a plaint to be heard, for they fear to displease Christich Mladin.

"On the fourth day spake his wife; 'May the Holy Virgin take pity on us, and deliver you from your enemies,'—then she breathed a sigh and died. With eyes unwet Christich Mladin regarded the dead form of the wife he had loved, but his two sons wiped away their tears when he saw them not.

"When night fell, the elder became frantic; he drew the broad hanzar* from his belt, and glared on the dead, as doth the wolf on the lamb,—but his brother seized the weapon, and piercing his own arm, he said, 'Drink of my blood, O brother, and commit no crime. When we have all died of this fire of thirst, shall we not return and quaff the blood of our enemies?'

"Then rose Christich Mladin from his lair. 'Children,' he said, 'it is enough! we will descend to the plain. Better is a true bullet than the grim death of hunger.' These words uttered, all three rushed down with the rage of wolves, each slew ten men of the foe, each

* Hanzar, knife or dagger.

† Belief in the existence of vampires has never been extinct among the Illyrians, and many a man of their vengeful tribes is said to console himself in death with the thought expressed in the text, that of returning as a vampire to drink his enemy's blood.

received ten bullets in his heart; but when the dastardly Pandours had cut off their heads, they dared not look in the faces of the slain, so heavy on their souls lay the dread of Christich Mladin and his children."

Of a different character, yet not without its uses for the painter, is the following fragment of a ballad still sung by the peasantry on the eastern frontier of the Austrian Empire; that joining the Turkish border; namely,—

"The warden of the tower hath the fairest of daughters, but the eyes of a Moslem captain have fallen on the maiden, and her tears have washed the roses from her cheek.

"Doth not the proud one say, 'Give me to wife that sweetest maid;' but Ilanka beheld her father tear his beard, as he listened to the words of the messenger,—her heart hath, moreover, been wiled from her keeping, she hath given it to a brave Tambourgi, and she bids them prepare her grave, saying, 'Better for my mother's child is the earth of her tomb, than the pearl-bestrewed cushions of a Moslem dwelling.'

"Then the captain of the misbelievers came to demand his bride. He came in his youth and beauty, with the love of his heart beaming forth from his eyes, for he had watched the maid in secret, until his soul had become one with hers,—and well had he taught her to love, though she knew him not, save as the humble Tambourgi.*

"But they bade him look on the cold bier where she lay, and told how her bridal bed had been prepared beside her mother's grave. 'Nor long for me shall wait the angel of the tomb,' were his words, as he bent, with a lip that trembled in the anguish of despair, to press the farewell kiss of a hopeless heart, on those eyes that should have been the light of his own.

"When, lo!—mark ye the wonder, maidens—the lids of those eyes rise softly,—their beams shine forth—the celestial blue!—and the setting sun hath seen the Moslem bear a willing bride to his home."

From that inexhaustible storehouse of painters, the legends of the saints, even the older masters have but very partially drawn; confining themselves to some few constantly repeated subjects, that will at once recur to the memory of all who are familiar with foreign galleries. But among these often related stories, we do not remember to have seen any work commemorating the meeting of St. Mary of Egypt with Zosimus the anchorite, one slight study alone excepted, and this, though subsequently worked out to a certain extent, neither has been, nor will be completed. Yet the subject is one not incapable of rendering pictorial effect. St. Mary has discovered the anchorite on the bank of a wide and rapid river, but she is herself on the opposite shore, and cannot find bridge or boat to cross the stream. Undismayed by what would in most cases prove a formidable obstacle, Maria Ægyptiaca, as this saint is called in the Roman church, bids the holy man cast his mantle on the waters; this he accomplishes at her bidding, and, floating over to the bank whereon she stands, that frail-seeming bark receives the saint, and bears her safely to the desired shore.

In the study of the subject just alluded to, the figure of the old man, "black with fasting," as the legends describe him, is placed beneath an overhanging rock,—that of St. Mary, remarkable for grace and beauty, floats prosperously towards him; the landscape is a fine one, and the amazement of two herdsmen, who behold the saint proceeding on her voyage, is extremely well depicted. One of them has fallen on his knees in the act of adoration.

In the eighth canto of Dante's *Inferno*, and towards the closing lines of that canto, is a grand picture yet unpainted, so far as the knowledge of the present writer extends. The frescos executed in the Villa Massimi, at Rome, by

* Tambourgi, drummer.

* See Moreri, "Dict. Hist.;" or the English reader may consult Enfield, "History of Philosophy."
† Josephus (Whiston's translation), "Antiquities," Book xviii., chap. vi., sect. vi.

Philip Veit, Overbeck, Julius Schnorr, and Cornelius, may possibly comprise this subject, but the writer cannot recall it, and does not believe it to be included. A slightly similar, but much less important theme was ably handled by Moralt of Munich, a pupil of Cornelius, in 1843. This picture, an oil-painting, will be in the recollection of many, and of Flaxman's Outlines to Dante no mention need here be made, since it is familiar to all; the passage in question is, however, not included among those chosen for illustration by the great sculptor. But whether painted, and whether sculptured, or not, nay, even if treated by all who have sought inspiration in the Divine Commedia, from the time of Dante downwards, the subject is one not sufficiently known in the country, and the student who shall choose it will do well.

The Poet is advancing with his guide towards the city of *Dite*, near the vast gates of which are bands of fallen spirits. But their pristine radiance is not wholly lost beneath the shadows of the demon nature fast involving them,—their forms are yet grand, their features retain a mournful beauty, or, at the worst, are but partially marred by a bold defiant haughtiness, which is yet not all demoniac; one of the number, only, exhibits the malignant aspect of a being wholly corrupt. They are pouring into the city—after a vain attempt on Virgil's part to procure admission for Dante, and are closing the ponderous gates.

But a Spirit of light is meanwhile descending, his mighty pinions bear him irresistibly onward, and towards the city—the giant valves of its portal shall be cast wide by his touch, and the Florentine, with his Mantuan guide, shall proceed to explore the marvels within.

Dante declares the approach of the angel to be as that of the mighty rushing wind: the whole passage is too long for quotation here, but a few lines describing the advance of the celestial visitant, may be acceptable. The student who shall desire to read the whole will find it in Canto ix., 66,—or if he prefer a translation, that of Cary will serve his purpose well; it is from him that I borrow the version appended in the note, since a more faithful one could not easily be made. The words of Dante are these:—

"E già veniva su per le torbide onde,
Un fracasso, d'un suon pien di spavento,
Per cui tremavan amendue le sponde,
Non altrimenti fatto che d'un vento,
Impetuoso per gli avversi ardori,
Che fier la selva, e senza alcun rattenuto,
Li rami schianta abbatte e porta fuori,
Dinnanzi polveroso va superbo,
E fa fuggir le fiere, e li pastori." *
INF., Canto ix., 66.

That the comic element cannot be safely admitted to form one of the resources of the artist, without much reserve and discretion, is a truth but rarely disputed; the mere buffoon, the coarse caricaturist, are indeed not entitled to the name of artist, and soon find themselves reduced to their true level. Altogether different is the condition of him with whom that element is but one among the many which go to form genuine humour. The place appointed to the possessor of this "subtle quality" in the temple of Art may not be among the highest, but he holds it by imprescriptible right, nor is it one that may be justly disdained.

For the humourist, whether in Art or Literature, is one of the born instructors of his kind, and not the least efficient among them. Shrewd are the blows that he levels against vice, when it dares to come before him in its turpitude; keen the shaft aimed by his hand at the follies of the time, and unerring the touch wherewith he raises the veil of Pretension, whatever form the Protean goddess may assume.

* "And now there came, o'er the perturbed waves,
Loud-crashing, terrible, a sound that made
Either shore tremble, as if of a wind
Impetuous, from conflicting vapours sprung.
That 'gainst some forest driving all its might,
Plucks off the branches, beats them down, and
hurls
Afar; then, onward passing, proudly sweeps
Its whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherds
fly."—CARY.

If considered principally in reference to certain of his fables, La Fontaine may be justly classed among humourists, and the grace as well as good-humour with which he laughs at follies that do not call for more severe repression, are admitted on all hands. Hear him, as he amuses himself with the dear little foibles of personal vanity, for example:

"Eh! bonjour! Monsieur du Corbeau!
Que vous êtes joli! que vous me semblez beau!
Sans mentir, si votre plumage,
Se rapporte à votre plumage,
Vous êtes le Phœnix des hôtes de ces bois!" &c.

We all know the rest, but how shall we render the charming playfulness of these lines? the "impayable" Monsieur du Corbeau? It is by no means to be done, the attempt is hopeless, but there is a dash-at-all Irishman of our acquaintance who would certainly not hesitate to give his version of the passage, and it would not be much unlike that in the note below; * for we won't admit it into the text. How the poor crow came to grief because of these sweet words, none will have forgotten. We all remember, too, the portraits taken of this Monsieur du Crow; there is room for another, nevertheless, and here is one, which, if it have no other merit, will at least serve us as the pretext for an exquisite morsel of woodland beauty, in the landscape you may limn for the habitat of your personages.

The fateful words have been spoken; they have produced their effect. Mr. Fox has caught the dainty prize before it has well touched the ground, and is taking his pleasant way along a sweet sun-lighted wood-path, his handsome brush sweeping with a proud complacency over the soft green turf. The figure of our bereaved O'Crow is much less triumphant; his amazement has not yet left him at leisure to close those musical lips that have worked his woe; and the aspect with which he regards his retreating spoiler is not a dignified one. On a high branch, far above the head of the crow, sits a saucy squirrel, eating his breakfast of nuts, with every appearance of satisfaction: he is bestowing the shells full upon the head of poor Sir Patrick; let us hope they are falling by accident, or it might be supposed that he was laughing at the evil plight of his neighbour.

All who love to contemplate beauty of form, and delight in the fervid tones of Italian colour, will ever rejoice in the successful transmission of both to their canvass by so many of our distinguished artists; but let not the Peasant of the Abruzzi, however picturesque his figure, nor the Contadina of the Campagna, radiant as is her glance, bear off all the honours of their notice. A bright and glowing scene is the Wine-harvest, but it does not monopolise the poetry of the fields, and although much of the romance of rural labour in our own fair land has doubtless been destroyed, yet there still remain some lingering relics of old custom in remote districts, and these occasionally offer a spectacle not unworthy of the painter's eye.

In certain parts of Holderness, for example, the last load of the wheat-harvest is still brought home amidst songs of triumph, and with rude garlands of field flowers suspended from various parts of its huge mass. Boys, and the younger labourers, dance merrily beside the gaily decorated load; their exultation ever and anon bursting forth in the following words, which are used with slight variations, in all the villages where this primitive custom still lingers.

"We hev her! we hev her! †
Oor last cart's i' t'ether,
Sae gin us a coo,

* "Now the top o' the morning! Sir Patrick O'Crow,
Faith! 'tis handsome you are! sure! the broth
of a beau!

† If you sing as you look,
We may seek high and low
But we'll not find your equal, Sir Patrick
O'Crow!" &c., &c.

‡ The attribution of the feminine gender to things inanimate, in these regions, is sufficiently amusing. The clock, the oven, the kettle, and many another of the good wife's household belongings, are thus distinguished, her husband calling his watch "she" in like manner.

Or 'tis nobbut * a lamb,
For ye see we coom seaf
Wi' oor harvest yam, †
At oor toon end, at oor toon end,
We've a scoop o' good yal, ‡ and we've mooney §
to spend,

Sae coome big and little,
Sae coome yan and all,
Ye'll get yal and get apples,
Whats'ever befall."

The "coo" is no longer expected, nor is even the lamb forthcoming in these degenerate days; but a gift of apples is made ready for the boys by every cottager before whose dwelling the auspicious procession takes its way. That the cereal and floral games of the ancients have been the origin of these now dying customs, is manifest, but with this question we are not, for the moment, concerned. If the artist will admit that they may present subjects no less worthy of his pencil than the broad-fronted buffalo, and more fragrant load of southern climes, many a charming picture, never yet painted, may rejoice the eyes of the beholders, while it rescues from oblivion the last trace of national customs, now rapidly falling into disuse.

From a Georgic to Bucolics the transition is not violent, and here is a remark of that accomplished gentleman and eminent agrarian authority, the late Thomas Gisborne, which may give our incipient Paul Potters rare occasion for glorifying the never-changing youth which their own chosen walk of Art may truly boast.

Gisborne, in his Essays on Agriculture, is decanting, with a most engaging geniality, on all that Mago the Carthaginian set forth, some good dozen of centuries since, as to the merits and attractions of a thoroughly handsome ox. These are the words of Mago, which Gisborne, loving his author for the sake of those lowing beauties, whose charms the Carthaginian chronicled so long ago, "will not accept," he tells us, "in the German of Heeren, or the English of Dickson," but renders them, and to the letter, for himself. The translation is as follows:—

"The young oxer we buy should be square in their form, large limbed, with strong, lofty, dark-coloured horns, broad curly fronts, rough ears, black eyes, lips prominent, and expanded nostrils: long and brawny neck, ample dewlaps, pendant nearly to the knees, a wide chest, large shoulders, roomy bellies, with well-bowed ribs; broad on the loin, with a straight, level, or even slightly depressed back; round buttocks, straight and firm legs, by no means weak in the knee; large hoofs, very long and bushy tails: the body should be covered with thick short hair of a red or tawny colour, and they should be very soft handlers." ("Tactu corporis molissimo.")

"A very tidy ox!" adds Mr. Gisborne, "whether purchased in Libya, by Mago the Carthaginian, 600 hundred years before Christ, or in our own good county of Northampton during this current year of 1852." He subsequently tells us that his Mago—for there were more than one of the name, as all will remember,—discoursed thus eloquently, and to the purpose, on beeves, in the time of Darius Hystaspes, and was the founder of that great Punic family whence Hannibal claimed descent.

Let, then, our young Paul Potters,—offering due allegiance also to Paul's worthy contemporary, Cuyp,—take a goodly herd of such oxen as the Carthaginian has here depicted; let him give them to rove at will in such pastures as his heart best loveth to paint, and he shall cause the excellent Albert, not less than dear Paul to smile approvingly as they give each other a cordial shake of the hand, in that bright painter's elysium, amidst whose fair broad uplands, fitly browsed by well-shaped flocks, they now expatiate together.

Like Gisborne and the Carthaginian, a dear lover of all that peoples the field, the present writer has just taken counsel with another eminent "judge of fat cattle," to say nothing of lean, or of such as are neither fat nor lean—and this authority likewise upholds the correctness of the Carthaginian model, save only in the article

* 'Tis nobbut—if it be but.
† Yam—home.
‡ Yal—ale.
§ Mooney—money.

of horns, which, as he sayeth, should not be black, but white, seeing that the last-named colour is now "your only wear." Let the student make his election, but in any case let him give us the cattle and their pasture; the horns he shall make of such colour as may best please him.

"Gli occhi tuoi pagheran, se in vita vesti,
Di quel sangue ogni stilla un mar di pianto." *
TASSO.

These words—their vengeful import intended for the king, Louis XIII.—to whose ears they were quickly repeated by the enemies of the unhappy speaker, are declared to have burst from the lips of Eleonora Galigai, when the mangled corpse of her husband, Concino Concini, was laid before her. Whether Louis XIII. were thus menaced by the bereaved woman, in her frenzy, or not, the fate of Eleonora had certainly been decided on when that of Concini was determined; nor can this be doubted when we remember that the crime of which her venal judges pronounced her guilty, was that of witchcraft, an accusation manifestly invented, for their purpose, by the destroyers of her husband. For this she was condemned to the bitter death of the stake, and did in fact suffer on the Place de Grève—but by the more merciful process of decapitation—some few weeks after the murder of Concini.

More than one mournful story here awaits the hand of the painter; and if it be true that the grievous tragedies alluded to are already familiar to all readers, yet let the hand of the artist make them known to a yet wider circle of disciples, seeing that the lessons they convey are significant, and have proved useful to more classes than one.

There may indeed be some who are still unacquainted with this deplorable episode of French history, and we therefore add the few words required to give its outline.

When Maria de' Medici entered France as the bride of Henry IV., she was attended, among others, by Concino Concini, whose father, originally an obscure notary, was then high chancellor to the first duke of Tuscany.† At the French court, Concini married Eleonora Galigai, a woman whose origin was yet more humble than his own: she was indeed the daughter of a woodcutter and a washerwoman; but talents and qualities of various kinds had raised her from the condition of a menial to that of first lady of the bedchamber.

After the assassination of Henry IV., and when Maria de' Medici was declared regent of the kingdom, this couple became the virtual rulers of France. But if Concini did not find means to repress the disorders that prevailed, neither was he the origin or promoter of those disorders. The depravity in things public, so justly complained of, was not the cause; it was but the pretext of his downfall. The hatred of that party, at the head of which stood the Prince de Condé, whose instrument De Luynes, the king's favourite, was not less ambitious than Concini himself, was the true source of the Italian's ruin. But we enter into no details: let it suffice to say that Concini—at this time known as the Marshal D'Ancre—was murdered with the consent, nay, under the very eyes of the king, as he was entering the Louvre to wait on that unworthy monarch; and that his wife, awakening from her dream of greatness, was conducted as above described, to a death—not merited very certainly for the crime it was declared to expiate—by the hands of the common executioner.

The few words by which Eleonora Concini repelled the accusation of sorcery, when standing on her mock trial before the Presidents of the Parliament of Paris, are in the recollection of all, and need no repetition. She left a son, not more than sixteen years old, and this boy, having been dragged by an infuriated mob to the windows of his devastated home, was com-

pelled to look on, while the body of his father, first laid hastily in a grave at St. Germain L'Auxerrois, but torn thence by the populace, was suspended on a gallows raised for that purpose. The life of the boy was saved, but not until he had been so roughly treated that every part of his clothing was torn to shreds. A cloak was then cast around the insensible youth by one of the spectators, more compassionate than the rest, who rescued him by declaring that he was already dead, and conveyed him, while yet unconscious, to the Louvre.

What follows will not be credited without difficulty; it is true, nevertheless, and may serve to show of what stuff was made that mistress for whom Concini offered the sacrifice of his life, for it is well-known that he might easily have escaped to Italy after his danger had become obvious—had he been willing to abandon the queen to those who were her enemies no less than his own. The son of Eleonora, carefully educated in the luxurious court of France, was remarkable among other accomplishments, for the grace and beauty of his dancing: this was known to Maria de' Medici, and, with the tears of sorrow for his parents still dimming his eyes, the terror he had so recently endured yet blanching his cheek, the hapless orphan was called on to exhibit his proficiency as a dancer for the amusement of the queen, and, with his breaking heart, was thus compelled to minister to the idle pleasures of her train. He died at Florence, in the year 1631, and with him perished the short-lived greatness of his house.

The death of Gustavus Adolphus, at the Battle of Lützen, has been amply discussed by writers, nor has it been wholly neglected by the painter; but there is still place for a fair delineation of that event, which yields in importance to few that occupy the historian, and has more than sufficient interest for the poet, whether painting or song be the muse of his invocation.

The great defender of the Protestant cause, and "one of the best men that ever wore a crown," Gustavus Adolphus, excelled in bravery, as in every other high and noble quality. At the Battle of Lützen he led the attack, and is indeed affirmed to have been the first who dealt a blow on that inauspicious day. He was heading a second charge, and had borne down all before him, when the hand of treachery effected that to which the force of Austria had proved unequal. Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, the cousin of Gustavus, is accused of his murder by the concurrent testimony of his contemporaries. He was close to the king at the moment when a ball, coming from behind the latter, entered his back, and he fell dying from his horse. A German noble, the creature of Francis Albert, is said to have been also near Gustavus, and the traitorous shot has been attributed by some writers to his hand; but the author of that dark offence was, without doubt, the Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, whose subsequent defection from the Protestant cause and the welcome he received into the Austrian service, which he soon after entered, leave no doubt of his guilt.

That victory, nevertheless, remained with the Swedes, our readers will remember; this was due to the heroic efforts of Bernhard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar. He dashed into the ranks of the enemy, calling on every true man to aid him in the rescue of their monarch, whom he declared to be a prisoner in the hands of the Austrians. The impetuosity of his attack proved irresistible, Austria was defeated with fearful slaughter, but, thanks to her treachery, the grieving Swedes bore only the lifeless remains of their beloved monarch from that dearly-won field.

The painter who shall select this theme will treat it all the more justly as well as effectively if he adorn his canvas with the animated figure of Duke Bernhard. The omission of this would indeed be a violation of historic truth, as well as a mistake, whilst its introduction would supply the artist with a *point* in the composition, which, if successfully carried out, would, as we have just said, tell most effectively in a picture.*

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE BAY OF NAPLES.

W. Callow, Painter. R. Wallis, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 5½ in. by 1 ft. 8 in.

NAPLES is a favourite *point d'appui* with our travelling landscape-painters who visit Italy; occupying, as it does, one of the most beautiful situations that can be conceived; built in the form of an amphitheatre, surrounded almost entirely by ranges of lofty verdant hills; and washed by the dark blue waters of its noble bay, the city and its environs present just such features of picturesque composition as an artist likes to have before him. From whichever side the view is taken, whether from the east or west, the high ground of Capo di Monte, at the back of the city, or the surface of the bay at its feet, he is certain to find subject-matter for his pencil of the most delightful character, wanting, however, that which, to the eye of an Englishman especially, constitutes one of the greatest charms in nature, the rich and clustering foliage of extensive woodlands: it is the absence of this feature which gives to the scenery of the country round about Naples, particularly in the summer time when the herbage becomes dry and parched, a barren and somewhat naked appearance. Still, with this drawback,—

"not a grove,
Citron, or pine, or cedar; not a grot,
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings
On the clear wave some image of delight,
Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,
Some ruin'd temple or fall'n monument,
To muse on as the bark is gliding by."

Mr. Callow's picture was purchased from the Gallery of the Water-Colour Society, by the Queen, on the occasion of her private visit in 1852. It represents a distant view of the City and Bay of Naples, from the western heights, and onwards over the wide level plain that lies between the city and Vesuvius, distinguished by the column of smoke rising from the peak. The treatment of the picture indicates early morning; the atmosphere is cool and clear, every object is distinctly visible through its transparency; the bay, calm and unruffled, reflects the soft blue of the sky, except when the rising sun throws a long pallid light on its surface. The foreground of the composition is occupied by one of those "cabin-roofs glowing with crimson flowers," to which the rays of the morning sun give increased brilliancy. The lofty tree to the left, though not sufficiently picturesque to satisfy the eye of an Englishman, accustomed to the majestic oak and noble elm of his own country, gives importance to the composition, and assists in throwing back the middle and extreme distances.

There are certain scenes—and this is one of them—which offer ample scope for meditation to those who, looking at a beautiful landscape, find something in it to engage their thoughts beyond the outspreading of the luxuriance of nature. A man of reflective mind, standing on the spot where Mr. Callow must have stood when he sketched the subject, could scarcely fail to place in juxtaposition the living city, almost at his feet, and the "cities of the plain," at no great distance from it, so lately restored to light from the darkness of centuries. "Naples," says Mr. Forsyth, "in its interior has no parallel on earth: it is a city teeming with life of the most complex and varied description; splendour and squalid misery, in appearance, joining almost hand in hand, or at least jostling each other through the thickly crowded streets. Less than an hour's ride by the railroad—for the hoarse screech of the steam-engine is now echoed from the sides of Vesuvius—carries the traveller to the cities of the dead—to Herculaneum, where Cato's sister lived in the villa presented to her by Julius Cæsar; and to Pompeii, where Cicero, and Seneca, and Phædrus had their homes, and whose walls were encompassed by the legions of Sylla. In short, the whole country teems with the memories of past greatness, associated with the grandeur and glory of ancient Rome.

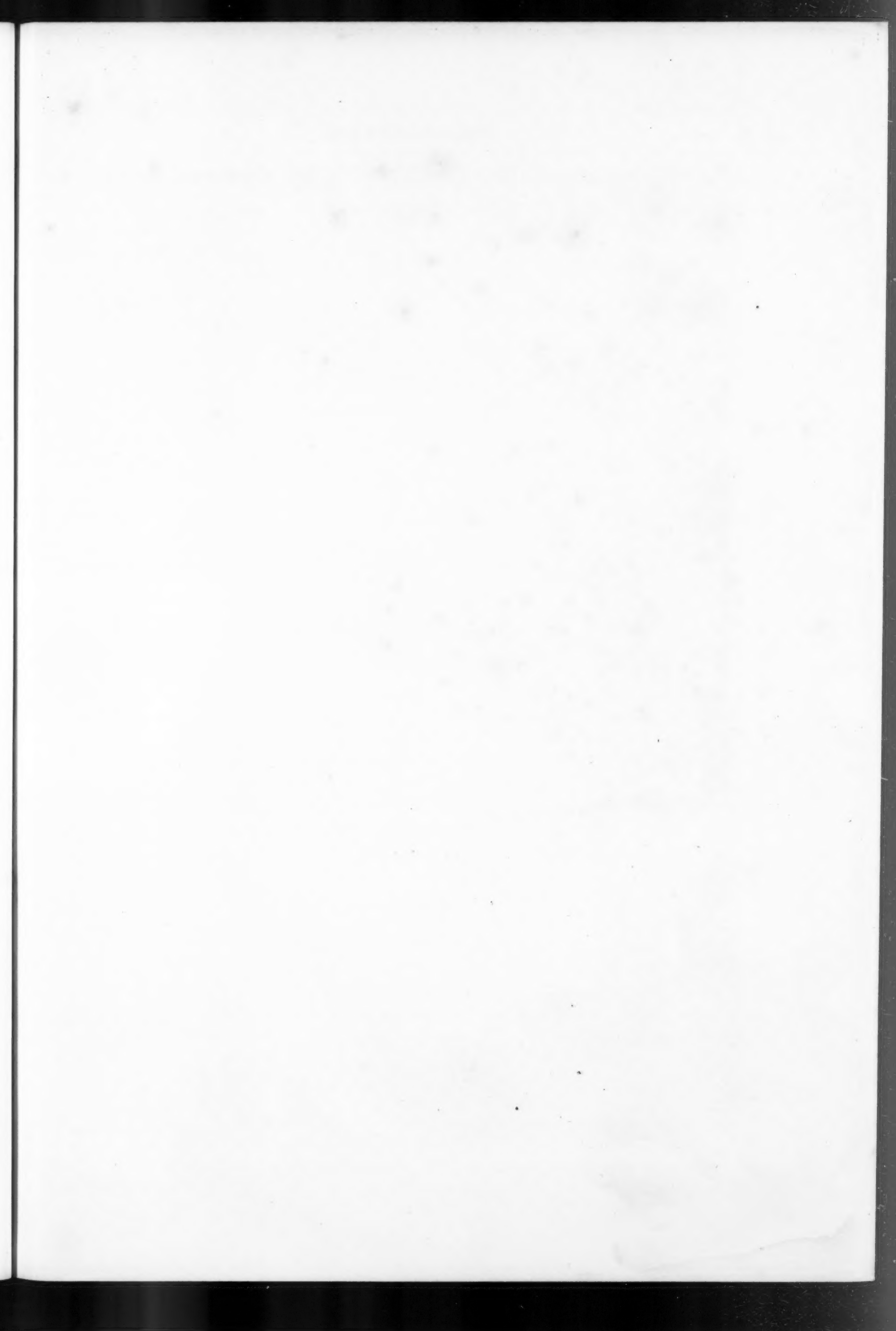
The picture is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.

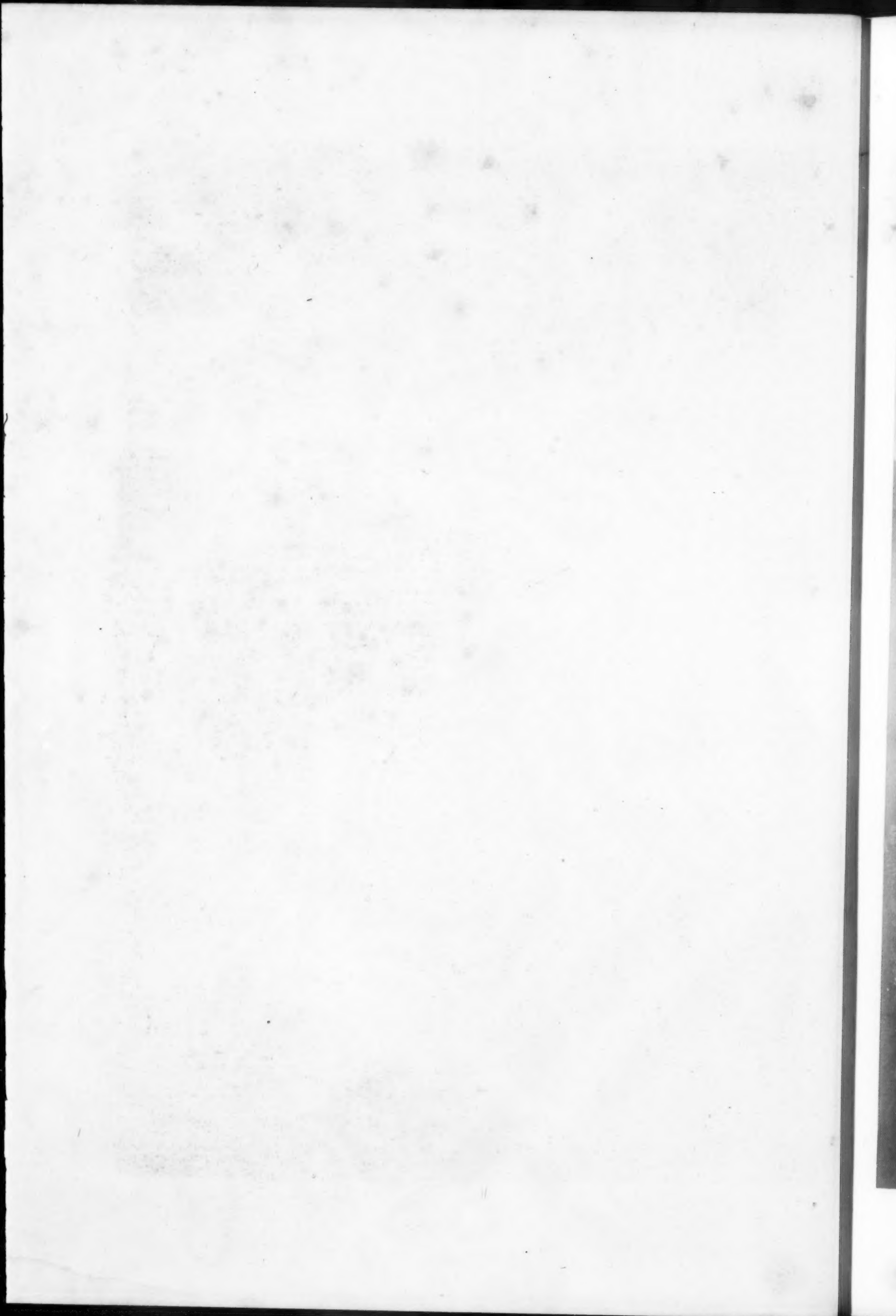
* These lines may be translated—if not quite literally, yet with sufficient closeness—by the following—

"For each dear drop poured from his veins this day,
Thine eyes a sea of bitterest tears shall pay."

† See Litta, "Famiglie celebri Italiane," Roma, 1829.

* To be continued.







W. CALLOW. PRINT.

R. WALLIS. SCULPT.

THE BAY OF NAPLES: EARLY MORNING.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON: PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR.

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THE EXPOSITION GENERALE OF 1855, AND ITS CLOSE.

WHILE, with the old year, we take our leave of its *Exposition Universelle*, in both Fine Arts and Commerce, we do so with one brief final comment upon its closing scene, and the judicial decisions, which may be taken to direct its ultimate

results. In connection with these, as referring more immediately to the Fine Arts, we here offer to our readers a statistical table, formed with some care, in which they will be able to learn, almost at a glance, the names of the different states which contributed to the teeming contents of the *Palais des Beaux Arts*; the number of artists by which each was represented; the number of their works in separate departments and in the aggregate; the honours dis-

pensed in the several classes; and, in addition, the nearest proximate proportion between the gross amount of the latter, and of the works sent in. A moment's considerate inspection will avail more than the most precise description towards enabling those whom it may interest, to estimate the facility thus afforded them of learning at present, or on any future retrospective reference, these various statistical incidents:—

	PAINTING.					SCULPTURE.					ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPHY.					ARCHITECTURE.					SUMMARY.			
	Number of Artists Exhibiting.	Number of Works.	Grand Medal of Honour.	First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.	Third Class Medal.	Honourable Mention.	Number of Artists Exhibiting.	Number of Works.	Grand Medal of Honour.	First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.	Third Class Medal.	Honourable Mention.	Number of Artists Exhibiting.	Number of Works.	Grand Medal of Honour.	First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.	Honourable Mention.	Total Number of Artists.	Total Number of Works.	Total Number of Honours.	Proximate Proportion of Honours to the Works.
MEXICO	1	1																			1	1	1	1
JAVA	1	1																			1	1	1	1
TURKEY	1	1																			1	1	1	1
HANOVER	1	1																			1	1	1	1
PERU	2	5																			2	5	2	2.5
HESSE	2	4																			2	4	2	2
THE SICILIES	3	5																			3	5	3	1.67
GREECE	4	5																			4	5	4	1.25
WURTEMBERG	7	11																			7	11	7	1.57
TUSCANY	7	8																			7	8	7	1.14
SAXONY	9	13																			9	13	9	1.44
BADEN & NASSAU	10	16																			10	16	10	1.6
ROME	10	16																			10	16	10	1.6
AMERICA	11	45																			11	45	11	4.09
SARDINIA	14	26																			14	26	14	1.86
PORTUGAL	14	23																			14	23	14	1.64
HANSEATIC TOWNS	16	18																			16	18	16	1.125
DENMARK	29	52																			29	52	29	1.79
SWEDEN & NORWAY	33	52																			33	52	33	1.55
BAVARIA	31	65																			31	65	31	2.1
SPAIN	35	86																			35	86	35	2.46
SWITZERLAND	37	94																			37	94	37	2.54
PAYS BAS	62	99																			62	99	62	1.6
AUSTRIA	61	107																			61	107	61	1.75
PRUSSIA	74	139																			74	139	74	1.88
BELOIUM	116	226																			116	226	116	1.95
GREAT BRITAIN	149	381																			149	381	149	2.56
FRANCE	697	1870																			697	1870	697	2.69
Totals																					2156	5078	461	4.5

In this review, from the units of Mexico and Java to the thousands of France, will be found an unparalleled artistic congress. France, it will further be found, has, in quantity and variety, had the advance over all, and might be taken, in the result, to have established for herself a pre-eminence as an *officina* of artists and Art. The times for this comparative meeting were not only *not* out of joint for her exhibition of power in this quarter, but in a directly opposite condition, of firmness and strength. Her generation of artists has never, probably, been more prolific than at present; and, as a school of Art, in every class, her tone most assuredly has never been so high.

It will be seen from our table, that while the total number of works of every kind sent in to this Exhibition amounted to 5078, her portion thereof, *i. e.*, 2730, was more than what came from the other six-and-twenty contributing nations. Her great rivals in the highest range of Art, the Prussian and Bavarian fresco painters, could not, *ex necessitate*, join the noble tournament. In their panoply they could not invest themselves; they could but enter the field in the imperfect equipment of their cartoons, and so they withheld. Cornelius and Kaulbach, who, trusting to their great names, took the other course, can scarcely be said to have done so discreetly. The cartoons of the former, for the fresco illustrations of the Campo Santo at Berlin, were not calculated to enrich the wreaths of his well-acquired laurels. They presented, in their sublime and exacting subjects, something too much of an unfelicitous contrast of weakness and exaggeration—mingled, however, with unequivocal emanations of the great master mind. Our own impressions on this nice point, were confirmed by the deep regrets expressed to us by one who, amongst the first, does honour, as an old pupil, to the studio of Cornelius. It is much to the credit of the Fine Arts Jury of this department, that they did homage to the already

acknowledged creative genius of this first of contemporaneous sons of Art, and awarded him their highest honours. The name of Cornelius, by a happy alphabetical accident, stands first in the *élite* to whom the *Grandes Medailles d'Or* have been assigned.

While France, under the stimulus of the great occasion at hand, which, moreover, involved the interests of her annual exhibition, guided by zealous, active, intelligent, and experienced managers, poured the full tide of her artistic power into what must be considered a confluence of competition, it is to be doubted that an equivalent agency operated in favour of the stranger comers from all quarters. Whether or not it was anticipated that this was to be a field of contest and trial, it is needless to ask—the fact is, that there was not, on any side, amongst the *externes*, that appearance of emulative effort, which, it must now be felt, was but expedient and for their full credit.

We much apprehend that our own school was not unaffected by this misadventure. At another time, we might have sent a stronger force of men of genius to sustain our honour in the severe *mêlée*. Now, we have not one to spare, while France had scarce reason to feel the absence of her Scheffer and De la Roche. Neither was there the same glorious response to the call that was made upon our body of artists. In painting, something of misapprehension, something of doubt, and something of indifference, may have chilled their emulative efforts. Probably, a still more effective and less untoward cause than these may have been found in the disrelish of owners to part with favourite works, and submit them to possible casualties against which no insurance could be held satisfactory. This, it can be easily felt, must have been especially operative in the case of sculpture. We had, in that department, too few of those masterpieces in marble, upon which time has set its stamp; and it is impossible, even with educated

eyes, for the plaster cast to compete with either bronze, or Parian, or Pentelic. In the distribution of honours, it will be found that in this department we were comparatively least successful.

Looking, nevertheless, at the statistical table, it will be perceived that, upon the whole, the number of honours awarded to the British exhibitors was, although less, not so by much, than that to the French. In the class of painting, we had 381 works and had 34 honours, or about the 11th part. The French, in the same department, had 1870 works and honours 157, or about the 12th part.

In sculpture, we gave a range of 77 works, and had but six honours, or a 13th, as near as may be. The French had 386 works and 62 honours, or a proportion of 1-6th. The adverse proportion in this class was, to use a moderate expression, *aggravated* by our honours being all in the lowest category.

Our engravings, including lithographs and woodcuts, numbered 199, our honours 8, or about a 24th part. The French had 286 works of the same class and 21 honours, or about a 14th.

In architecture, there were 128 British works and 15 honours, about an 8th. The French had 188 works and 48 honours, about the 4th.

Making a total—we had to 785 works of all classes exhibited, 63 honours, or a 12½th part.

The French had 2730 works, and honours 288, or between a 9th and a 10th part.

Belgium, it will be perceived, had a higher proportion of honours, viz., a clear 9th, than either France or England.

Prussia also had some advantage over us—her prizes being in the proportion of an 11th.

In a general point of view, then, there seems but little reason for dissatisfaction at the distribution of honours. Exception, we doubt not, will be taken to many detailed and relative arrangements of merit; and most assuredly, in looking over the long array of the honoured,

some strange and unnatural transpositions and repudiations must startle those familiar with the well-understood precedence of parties here at home in England.

There are, however, some of the awards, and some of what we fancy must be termed the slights, of this jury, against which it is impossible for us not to enter our strongest protest. To pass them *sub silentio* would be a mistake. And first, their understood resolve to withhold the higher honours from Mr. Mulready, which led to the sound and spirited proceeding of our commissioners to withdraw his name from competition. While we reclaim what was due to Mr. Mulready, let us guard ourselves against any supposed or intimated canvas as to his and Mr. Landseer's relative merits. The latter has well won his latest honours; and he too has had a long trial before the tribunal of his country's opinion.

It would be idle for us to enter here into an analysis of the merits of Mulready. They are too familiar to all, on this side of the Channel, to allow such a proceeding to be other than a work of supererogation. We shall, however, call into evidence two out of the many French critics (not members of the first jury in *Les Beaux Arts*), who have put his name through their crucible, and brought it forth with first-stamp of metal. We here repeat that notice, which appeared in the *Moniteur*, and which we have already, in our number for October last, presented to our readers. "Mulready," says the critic, "enjoys, in England, a reputation with which we have been familiarised by engravings. To know him, however, it is necessary to have seen his original works, which reveal rare qualities in both tint and treatment. This master—and he deserves the title—has seven pictures in the Universal Exhibition, which hold a place of honour amongst the best of all countries. It is remarkable that each of these is treated after a different manner—often in strong contrast—so that a forewarned attention alone could recognise in them the same hand. Many artists, too readily content with their efforts, repeat themselves from the beginning to the end of the chapter. Mulready, ever searching forward, studies, toils, and experimentalises; not impressing his works for ever with the same character. * * * It would be difficult to associate this artist with any of the old schools; for the character of English painting is modernness. It is obvious that, like Wilkie, he has profoundly studied Terburg, Nestcher, Metz, Mieris, Gerard Dow, Ostade, Teniers, Breuwer, Bega, Craesbecke, and all those charming painters of Holland, whom the fastidious taste of Louis XIV. repelled. But he has not copied them. He absorbs them, and nourishes his own genius with their essence—without being transformed."

A critic of higher name and authority than Mons. Gautier, Mons. Maxime Du Camp, thus, in his masterly and popular volume, "*Les Beaux Arts à l'Exposition Universelle de 1855*," gives his estimate of Mr. Mulready. We transfer it in its original vividness and force:—

"L'homme le plus fort que consacre l'exposition britannique, celui qui domine tous ses confrères de la hauteur d'un incontestable talent, est, selon nous, M. Mulready, artiste populaire en Angleterre, et qui, par quelques-uns de ses tableaux, laisse loin derrière lui la plus part des peintres de genre français. Ses personnages, animés et bien en scène, sont tout à leur affaire; ils vivent et ne posent pas; ils sont dans la réalité de leur mouvement et de leur action, et ne ressemblent pas à ceux de M. Meissonnier, qui paraissent toujours avoir mis des habits neufs et prendre des attitudes particulières pour se faire regarder par les amateurs. La peinture de M. Mulready ne rappelle en rien cette peinture endimanchée. Elle est vive, sincère et sérieuse, et n'a d'autre préoccupation que de représenter la vérité."

A little further on, M. Du Camp, speaking of Mr. Mulready's exquisite picture of "The Bathers," expresses, in his own piquant mode, the opinion, that probably the power of depicting delicate flesh tints was never carried so far.

"Mais disons aussi que jamais, peut-être, on n'a été aussi loin dans l'imitation de la carnation humaine, de ces nuances fraîches et nacrées, douces et charmantes, que le diable prête à la jeunesse pour en faire sa beauté."

We accept these attributes of wondrous variety of style—this genius, nourished with the very essence of the great Flemish school—this leadership, much in advance, of the British exhibitors—this distancing far the great majority of the French painters in *genre*—this matchless flesh-tinting—this life and sincerity of treatment, as contrasted with the posed, *Sunday-suited* mannerism of Meissonnier, and we venture to affirm that a sound and just decision should have placed the name of Mulready, if not before, at the least, beside that of the French master named, in the class of "*Grandes Médailles d'Or*."

If with the most serious mood, we note this error in regard to Mr. Mulready, the same feeling almost lapses into laughter, when we find how the merits of Mr. Danby have been appreciated. He too is one of those artists, whose fame is not of yesterday—is no longer ambiguous. From the days, now long since, when Sir Thomas Lawrence, with a glowing recognition of the young artist's genius, made himself master of one of his first poems on canvas, "The Raft," and gave it a unique place of honour in his painting-room, down at least to the time, when the two works, exhibited here in Paris, "Calypso Lamenting the Departure of Ulysses," and "The Evening Gun," were sent from his easel, the reputation of Danby has ascended to its culmination without a cloud. On looking back over the series of works, which he has given to the public, and extending our retrospect to the great names that have distinguished landscape Art, we do not feel it too much to hazard the affirmation, that his has been the most thoroughly and purely poetic pencil of the group. His, too, has been not alone the "feeling and the faculty divine" of appreciating and giving to the canvas the loveliest and most striking effects of nature, but he has fully enjoyed the accomplishment of Art which enabled him to do it with the most refined delicacy of touch and firmness of effect. These qualities are all to be found in the "Calypso" and "The Evening Gun." The latter has been the chief favourite with the French critics. Of it, the representative of *La Patrie*, who cannot be accused of the weakness of a leaning towards English arts or artists, says,— "It is impossible better to convey the impression of the undefined vastness of the sea, or a calm summer evening, just when the last rays of the sinking sun fringe with gold the clouds that gird the horizon. A deep shadow already wings its way across the waters, and a ship—the burst of smoke from the porthole of which tells the discharge of the evening gun—shoots up with the clear sky, the regular skeleton of its masts and yards. The ship seems to sleep upon the waters, like the vague silence brooding over it. The 'Evening Gun' is a picture, the poetry of which is perfect from its truth. We are not surprised that it should have been considered a *chef-d'œuvre*."

Again, the *Moniteur* thus harmonised with its contemporary:—"Mr. Danby's 'Evening Gun,' is, in one word, a *chef-d'œuvre*. One could scarcely imagine a picture so poetical. There is in it a tranquillity, a silence, a very solitude, which leaves a deep impression. Never has the solemn grandeur of the liquid element been more touchingly expressed."

Monsieur Maxime Du Camp coincides. In his notice of English art, at large, after having condemned in it the over-elaboration of details to which he considers sentiment and general effect to be sacrificed, he thus educes Mr. Danby's "Evening Gun" as a marked exception. We give but the opening and concluding sentences of his critique, the intermediate portion being but an elegant description of the scene depicted.

"Tous ne sont point ainsi cependant, et quelques-uns ont su marier dans une belle mesure l'exactitude de la facture et la largeur de sentiment; nous citerons comme exemple, *Le Canon Du Soir* de M. Danby."

He thus closes:—"Il y a dans cette composition une poésie réelle, qui réjouit d'autant plus qu'elle est peu commune dans les productions de l'art anglais."

Let us now, before showing how the jury of the department of painting in the *Beaux Arts* have dealt with Danby, make known their judgment on a French artist who pursues the same

route, the poetic, *longo intervallo*;—we allude to Monsieur Gudin. Five-and-twenty canvases of this prolific hand stretched many a rood over one quarter of the Palais. They all presented imaginative effects in and on all the elements; but their prevalent treatment was crude and of the scene-painting school. This can be more easily understood when it is stated that when, in Louis Philippe's time, the walls of Versailles were to be covered with epic in a *clin d'œil*—the work of a century, or more, to be improvised in a day—to M. Gudin was entrusted the *throwing-off* of the historic glories of the French navy.

In reference to his merits Monsieur Du Camp thus writes:—

"At the present day there are but four marine painters in France: M. Courdoun, who has talent; M. Morel Fatio, who has none; M. Ziem, who has still a portion left; and M. Gudin, who is exhausted. Like a child that, changing a *louis d'or* for a lot of copper, thinks itself the richer from the increase in the number of its coins, so M. Gudin, who might have produced some twenty commendable pictures, has preferred associating his name with five hundred that are bad. He is at this moment irremediably lost, and I know not whether some of his earlier works, upon which he has piled up such a mass of mediocrities, will suffice to rescue him from oblivion."

How then have the jury disposed of Gudin and Danby?

M. Gudin has all the honours of the *first class medal*! But, Danby, has he been crowned with those still higher?—By no means. Has he then been made the colleague in *Class I.* with M. Gudin and some forty-eight others?—No. He joins, then, some fifty-one in *Class II.*?—No. In *Class III.* with its illustrious fifty-seven? Again,—No. In a word, Mr. Danby, with all his merits on his head, was flung over into the *mêlée* of mediocrities, 157 in number, who are consoled or blest with the word *Mentions Honorables*. Is it not ludicrous? or, as says the classic satirist, *Risum teneatis—amici?*

Strange as this parvipending of the poet of our painters may be, it is not more so, than the total omission of Mr. Linnell's name from any one of the five lists of the medallists, or the honourably mentioned. In his works we have been accustomed to recognise a vigour and a freshness allied to, without imitating, some of the best of the old golden times. In one small landscape of his five exhibited on this occasion, these in both colour and handling were finely concentrated. Mr. Creswick's admirably painted picture of "Passing Showers," was a faithful and finely worked-up reflex of nature, from which the French landscape painters, who, as has been fairly avowed by their own writers, owed to the English School a reformation from dry artificial style to something akin to reality, might, even in these, their palmy days, have taken a useful hint, was wholly ignored. We cannot accept the award. Nor, again, its repetition in the cases of Cope, Dyce, and Herbert. The French critics have, in their notice of the *Beaux Arts* on the late occasion, affected a facetious surprise at the abnormal novelty of the British School of Painting, and they would seem to have communicated the spirit of their jest to the gentlemen of the jury. This alone would make us notice the absurd *jeu d'esprit*. Of the idiosyncrasy of the British School we are willing to make Mr. Mulready the test, who brought the vigour of an untrammelled genius into communion with the great spirits of the by-gone times, and while he toiled unweariedly to emulate their excellence, never sacrificed his own originality. If he differs startlingly from Meissonnier, it is no more of a perplexing contrast than that of the delicate effeminacy of the same Meissonnier with the rugged mastery of Rembrandt. It assuredly is not the originality of our artists, with which we shall quarrel—whatever other sins they have upon their heads. Better the freshness of their independence, which gives us at intervals such men as Hilton and Wilkie, Calcott and Turner, Mulready and Danby, than that they should be schooled even in the studios of Paris, to be the tenth transmitters of some great old masters' worn-out style.

Something of the same feeling on the part of French critics and artists in reference to British sculpture may perhaps account for the discretion of judgment which gave the name of MacDowell to the fourth class, or *Mentions Honorables*, in company, to be sure, with the only other five British sculptors, who have the honour of a recognition in the late *concours*. Mons. Maxime Du Camp is one of those bold thinkers in France, who dread the utter decay of sculpture from its ever straining after the Greek model, which was no artificial elaboration, but the spontaneous emanation of a peculiar time, a peculiar people, and peculiar, long-abandoned modes of life. He feels that the art should aim more strenuously than it has done at a sympathy with the present period. If any works have come from marble which might be said eloquently to illustrate this theory, they are those of MacDowell. "The Girl reading," and "The Girl preparing for the Bath," which were in the late Exhibition, were fine examples of the new school. They unite exquisite beauty of expression with lovely form, familiar grace, and a most delicate elaboration of drapery. That these should have been disparaged into a fourth class, while in Class I. is placed what is little better than a copy of an antique dancing fawn; and in Class III., a bust by Count Nieuwerkerke, one of the jury, and moreover Director of the *Musées Impériaux*, seems to us, in the full meaning of the well-known emphatic comment "too bad." That the "Ulysses" of Macdonald, the "Boy at the Stream" of Foley, the "Beatrice" of Hancock, to say nothing of Bailey's "Even," and Gibson's works, were not estimated as they merited is much to be regretted. On the other hand, it was gratifying to find a public recognition of the beauty of Lawlor's statue of "The Bather," which was exhibited in Hyde Park in 1851, without, we fear, being thoroughly appreciated. It is a work that ought to be the forerunner of many fine things. Would that it had been seen here in the marble!

Let us not conclude without expressing our hope of having fairly estimated the vast interest which the late *Exposition Générale des Beaux Arts* was entitled to claim. It was wholly unprecedented, and realised a congress of art of wonderful extent, and unanticipated attractions. It was a revelation, on the whole, most satisfactory, of the state of Art, and the merit of artists throughout Europe, and a trifle beyond. It was well calculated to excite a noble emulation, and give a great general impulse to the progress of the one and the estimation of the other. It was a first experiment, and had defects and defaults, such as might have been expected under the circumstances. Let us hope that, at no very distant period, a repetition may be undertaken with more completeness of organisation, a more even balance of direction, and less ground for the untoward excitement of jealousy. Even at the best, there must be found some alloy to the great sterling ore of which, on such occasions, we become partakers. Still—even still, as in days of Horace, his words are but too true,—

— "Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

THE MEMORIAL OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

SIR,—Now that we are beginning a new year, and the stores of manufacture and the marvels of industry are moved, or on the move, out of the Great Paris International Exhibition; and the monsters of machinery have been taken piecemeal—bone from bone, and limb from limb in the annexe; and the pictures and the sculptures are packed up and nailed down in their temporary coffins for transit to their homes; and the plaster palace of the Beaux Arts is about to subside into its primitive elements and "leave not a wreck behind:" and now that the other exhibitions, also international and universal, have had their day and are past; and the cycle of universal international exhibitions may be said to have performed its orbit and its mission for a time, and a lull has taken place in such matters, which is likely to last at least some

few years—is it the time to forget what the Persian would call "the grandfather of all the great international exhibitions?" I mean, of course, the Great British Exhibition of '51; which, working its way, as it did, wholly without precedent through unexampled and unexpected difficulties, yet has been the only one thoroughly triumphant. Never did an expedition reach port safely through a greater series of dangers than that scheme of '51! Rocks and shoals of all sorts lay in its way, and yet miraculously it escaped all these dangers, manifest or hidden, and came into port with a full cargo and plenty of passengers—to the very day appointed—with the royal flag at the main! Is this, I say, the time to forget the Great Exhibition of '51? or is it not rather the time most particularly to remember it?

That scheme, so successfully carried out, will always remain an historic fact of great interest and of great honour to these Isles. With all the advantage of it as an example, its children in Dublin and America, and lastly, in France, have sought to imitate and surpass it; but in vain; and it may be said to be like what Milton says of our first mother,

"The fairest of her daughters, Eve."

Having now likened the Great Exhibition of '51, firstly, to a grandfather; and secondly, to our first mother, I have certainly gone far enough in hyperbole, and will come precisely to what I mean! and the subject of this is, the *Memorial* of the Great Exhibition of '51, which, after the close and removal of the building was proposed and set afloat, and for which a large number of subscriptions were received,—but of which we have not heard one word for a long time, at least I have not, and I was a subscriber of my mite in aid of what I thought a worthy project. I have just been refreshing my mind with respect to it, by reading an article which appeared in the *Art-Journal* of last year, and find by it that at the time it appeared, viz.: July, 1854, (that is, nearly a year and a half ago) a large sum had been at once subscribed. "7,000*l.*," the article says, "flowed into the hands of the committee of the Memorial without much effort on their part." The article, in addition, contains some remarks in which it combats a diversion, that was suggested, of the funds to another purpose. With these remarks I quite coincide; for if we are to have public memorials at all, what subject can we better choose to celebrate, than the great commercial, historic, artistic, and friendly event in question? "If good deeds," you say, "and great events, having a lasting influence on the condition of large communities, are worthy subjects for public historic memorials, then was the project for erecting in Hyde Park, on the site of its existence, an historic and artistic record of the International Exhibition, an appropriate and worthy thought."

It is a natural question after this lapse of time, what is the fate of the project? To which may be added, and what have become of the subscription? The space formerly occupied by the exhibition is now a broad open green sward in Hyde Park, close to Kensington Gardens. There is no artistic decoration in either of those places besides the Achilles, except perhaps the Coalbrook Dale iron gates that were given to the crown by that firm. Not a specimen of Art besides these is visible within those beautiful pleasure grounds which in any other country would long ago have been enhanced, not only with vases and mere decorations but with artistic works of a high class. Could we begin these with anything of nobler association than a suitable record of the Great Exhibition?—people ask, "Where was the Great Exhibition?" No doubt there should be something to show them where it stood—say, on the spot occupied by the centre of the building. And that something should be instructive as to the nature and history of the event it celebrated, and be worthily adorned with such visible adjuncts as should best convey this to the mind and eye. All classes of people come to Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens for healthful recreation, and therefore in a more fitting state of mind for doing justice to a fine monumental work and the subject it may illustrate, than if it were placed amid the busy hum of business in a crowded thoroughfare where people are rushing by to keep appointments and have no time for other thoughts than those of business.

Thus the occasion and the site, and the fostering the appreciation of art in this country, all point to a fitting memorial in High Park to the Great Exhibition of '51. It was for this that the supporters of the project subscribed, and this they think probably, at least I do, they should live to see carried out. If there has been or now exists any real idea to divert the funds subscribed for this purpose to another object, I should, for one, like to have my mite returned. There are plenty of objects to which one might like to apply it, as the patriotic funds for the poor widows and orphans of our brave

soldiers, or to celebrate virtue and energy, and do good at the same time, by applying it to the Nightingale Fund, without putting it in one's own pocket again; but I confess I should like to have a voice in the matter.

Now, it might be said I might have written all this to Alderman Challis, who so worthily put himself forward in the project in the first instance, and not to the *Art-Journal*. But, in the first place, I presume that I do nothing in thus mentioning a public subject that that gentleman would feel a moment's displeasure at, and, secondly, as I should think other subscribers to the scheme may have similar views with myself, I take the advantage your kindness may afford of thus recurring to the subject through the pages of your widely circulating journal.

I am, Sir, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF '51 IN HYDE PARK.

[We have thought it right to insert this letter, with a view to draw attention to the subject; we believe, however, a very large proportion of the subscriptions were "promises;" but certainly those that were paid ought to be returned.—Ed. A.-J.]

CORREGGIO'S "READING MAGDALEN."

SIR,—You would place me under considerable obligation by clearing up some doubts relative to the celebrated composition of Correggio, "The Reading Magdalene." We are aware that Augustus III., King of Poland, Elector of Saxony, became the possessor of an undoubted original picture by Correggio of this subject, at the cost of 6500*l.* Considering the size, this is, up to the present time, the largest sum that has been paid for any painting. After the king's death, this picture was removed to the Gallery at Dresden, from whence it was some time after stolen. It, however, was, we are informed, recovered, and replaced in the gallery, and the picture now at Dresden is said to be identical with the stolen one,—but this is all matter of doubt. And what shall be said relative to the same composition, attributed to Correggio, in Lord Ward's assemblage of pictures? We are told that he paid 1600*l.* for it—surely rather a singular price, for if it be an original by Correggio, it must evidently (bearing in mind the price paid by the King of Poland) be worth four times 1600*l.*; and if it be not an original, it is not value for a sum much above 1600 *pence*. Truly, the mysteries of picture-dealing and picture-dealers are inscrutable. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you can illuminate the subject in question—if not with the broad daylight effect of Rubens, at least with the partial gleam of Rembrandt.

ARTHUR VINCENT TURNER.

50, UPPER BAGOT STREET, DUBLIN,
Dec., 1855.

[Perhaps some of our readers can give our correspondent the information he desires, for we confess ourselves unable to assist him.—Ed. A.-J.]

ADOLPHE TIDEMAND.

SIR,—Your readers may, perhaps, be interested to hear something of the most famous painter in Norway, and I therefore place at your service a few lines concerning him. The first pictures that met one's eye on entering the Exhibition here were those of Tidemand. I had seen something of his in New Bond Street once, a funeral on a Norwegian lake (now in the possession of Lord Lansdowne), and was prepared for great artistic power; but here his sincere and serious religious feeling made one forget Art altogether—that kind of feeling that affects one so in "The Cottar's Saturday Night" of Burns. Tidemand's most touching picture here was a funeral gathering, not on a lake this time, but in a lowly cottage. The resigned and utterly mournful face of the young widow, leaning on the shoulder of her mother—the unconscious peace of her sleeping, fatherless child—the solemn faces of the mourners round the table whereon the coffin stands, with the candles burning on it, and the words of prayer from the lips of the old man floating around it, in the dim light of the darkened cottage—the floor strewn with scattered leaves of fir—give to this picture that rarest quality of true, deep, unaffected poetry, of which I know no parallel example in English Art but "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner" of Landseer. It is well for Tidemand that he can see what lies nearest to him, for with these rusticities he has reached the hearts of princes, and now returns northwards with a Medal of the First Class and the Legion of Honour. I have spent a day with him here; he had never seen any English pictures before, except one or two of Wilkie's, and I felt proud to conduct him through our collection. It would be unfair to repeat his criticisms, but they were thoroughly honest, and

quite unaffected by mere reputation, for he scarcely knew the names of our most famous painters. He enjoyed Mulready, Webster, and Leslie most; but "The Order of Release" was more in accordance with the depth and sincerity of his own genius, and we stood a long time before it. He thought Lewis wonderful in his details of still life, and successful in expression, but the fierce, brilliant, white light of the "Harem" affords no opportunity for such powerful *chiar-oscuro* as his own, and I scarcely think he agreed in my excessive admiration of this drawing. The engravings from Landseer had led him to expect so much, that the pictures disappointed him—a common case. The lonely deer by the lake, and Maclise's large baronial interior, I was a little ashamed of; both these pictures will always look best in black and white. Tidemand was greatly interested in our engravings, and in the history of Art in England. I feel quite certain that if his own works were well engraved, they would be extensively purchased by us. I think his works, if studied by our younger painters, would have a very beneficial influence on the feeling of English Art, they are so full of true pathos and tender regard for mankind. The best proof of their excellence is that I have never thought of their technical qualities till just now. I have no room left to discuss them, and it does not matter.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

HOTEL DU LOUVRE, PARIS, Nov. 15.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The distribution of prizes has, as might have been expected, caused much dissatisfaction; old tried and talented artists have been totally forgotten, while others of very inferior merit, but well protected, have received large honours. Ingres and his school are outrageous to see him placed on the same rank as De la Croix and Landseer; although many good judges think one little "Doggie" by the last, worth more than all the productions of Ingres. One of his pupils said to the writer, "They ought to have invented a special honour for this great master."—The artists in general are reposing on their laurels, or busy getting home their works; and little is talked of except a project, said to be nearly decided, of abolishing entirely the annual exhibitions, and having a permanent one in the new buildings of the Louvre: the idea is good if carried out in a proper manner. Thus there would be a constant *salon*, continually renewed as the painters finished their paintings, and the hurry occasioned by being obliged to be ready by a fixed day would be obviated.—Great part of the scaffolding has been removed from the Louvre, and disclosed two pavilions of a most magnificent description; it will be a splendid pile of buildings.—A statue of Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris, has been erected at Rodez; it is by M. A. Barre.—The Exhibition at Vienna, in 1859, is not to be universal.—The season of sales is begun, and they are carried on with spirit: the collection of pictures and bronzes belonging to M. Bertrand, produced 65,000*fr.*—An interesting sale of objects of *vertu*, containing among them many curious and rich Oriental articles, collected by the General Ventura, has taken place; the objects in general sold high. The taste for articles of *vertu*, bronzes, and paintings seems to be on the increase; added to which, the facility of communication with the great collecting country, England, gives a zest to sales unknown only a few years back.

ULM.—At the recent congress of Art-dilettanti held here, many of the questions were highly interesting. Those relative to works executed in Swabia, before the time of Van Eyck, have remained unanswered. The 23rd question was more interesting to English artists and patrons of Art than any of the others. It was—"What were the last results of the inquiries relative to the family of Holbein and their works before the migration of the younger Holbein to England?" Herr Eigner has the merit of having discovered a number of works, which, according to the signature, have been executed by one Hans Holbein (or Holbain, according to the inscriptions), who could neither be the younger Holbein, nor his father, and who has therefore been designated "Grandfather Holbein." Eigner's view has been adopted, from the unmistakable difference between the works, which distinctly show three different manners. But Herr Herberger, the keeper of the archives, adduces evidence against the suppositions of Eigner, showing that in Augsburg, in 1460, there was one Michael Holbein, a fellmonger and householder. In the same house resided Thomas Burgkmaier, in 1493; and in 1494, Hans Holbein, the painter, who, after 1496, became the possessor of the house, in

which lived also his mother, the widow of Michael Holbein. From 1502 till 1504, his brother Sigmund's name appears, and his own is continued until 1517, when he became a citizen of Basle. Before the year 1495, the name of Holbein does not appear in the register of the guild of the painters of Augsburg; but in 1524 his death is mentioned, although absent. It would thus seem that a better foundation than that of Herr Eigner is necessary to maintain the grandfather of Holbein in the position of a painter, as attributed to him. It may therefore be supposed that the Hans Holbein who, in 1499, painted "The Coronation of the Virgin," and the "St. Dorothea," in Augsburg, is not the same as painted "The History of St. Paul" in 1502. In the painters' book no second Holbein is mentioned; nor is there a third, although such a one was very active as a citizen of Augsburg. In pursuing the inquiries relative to the early state of Art, it was elicited that glass-painting in Swabia was by no means in a satisfactory state, even though it was well advanced in other countries.

EHRENBREITSTEIN.—A colossal statue of the late King of Prussia is about to be placed on this celebrated Rhine fortress; the present king having given a commission to Johann Hartung, the sculptor, to execute it in bronze. One of the finest works of Herr Hartung is the group, in marble, emblematical of the "Rhine and Moselle," which stands in the gardens of the royal residence, at Coblenz.

ROME.—The *Athenæum* informs its readers that the Queen of Spain has presented two valuable pictures, by Murillo, to the Pope. The subject of the chief picture is "The Marriage of St. Catherine," which always hung in the queen's bedroom. The other picture represents the "Prodigal Son," the same subject as the picture once belonging to Marshal Soult, and now in the Sutherland Collection. The Pope has had the pictures handsomely framed, with inscriptions commemorative of the donor. They are placed in the Museum of the Vatican.

HANOVER.—On the north-west of the city of Hanover there is an extensive and beautiful park, surrounding the palace of Herrenhausen, and it was in a retired spot in this park that King Ernest Augustus in his lifetime caused to be erected for himself a mausoleum after the design of that at Charlottenburg, by Schinkel. Thirteen years ago, one of the noblest of Rauch's works was placed there—the statue of the late Queen Frederika. A cast of this work is to be seen in the atelier of the artist, showing it to be a worthy pendant to that of Queen Louise: and now the artist has completed the marble monument of the king, which is destined for the same place, and is about to be transported thither. The monument has already been briefly described in our columns, but it may not be superfluous to say a few words on the sentiment of the artist's production. In such works he does not treat a representation of death as eternal—there is an allusion to life; nor in the monuments of the living is there a description of activity without an allusion to repose. Such is the spirit of the present work, and it must be confessed that as an evidence of the maturity of artistic power and exalted feeling, it will take a high position among the modern productions of its class. The base of the monument is in the form of a simple sarcophagus, with but little architectural ornament. At the four corners are four angels; those at the head are praying, and the two at the feet are singing—charming figures, relieving the severity of mathematical proportion by an expression of everlasting life. The polished marble of the architectonic parts of the composition contrasts most favourably with the more animated character of the figures. On one side of the sarcophagus are the initials of the king, E. A. R., and on the other the white horse, the heraldic type of the house of Hanover.

VIENNA.—The designs for a new National Bank and Exchange, the competition in which is limited to artists of Vienna, have been exhibited. The building is to be erected in the Herrengasse, the proposed site communicating with two other streets, the Strauchgasse and the Freyung. The building will comprehend an exchange, a bank, a coffee-house, and other departments for the transaction of monetary business. The directors of the bank have done well to limit the competition to the artists of Vienna, of whom Van der Nüll and Sicardsberg, Ferstel, Hansen Forster, Romano, Bergmann, Kornhäusel, Winder, Baumgärtner, and Fellner have responded to the requisition. The designs exhibited speak most favourably for the talent of the architects of Vienna; especially those of the two professors, Van der Nüll and Sicardsberg, who have worked together, and that of Ferstel. These plans, one of which will surely be adopted, are masterpieces in their department of art.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY J. GIBSON, R.A., IN THE COLLECTION OF THE QUEEN.

It is a question not hitherto determined whether *basso-relievo*, or sculpture of the round figure, is the more ancient art: in the earliest records of history we read of "graven images," by which is generally understood perfect representations of living things; but, on the other hand, as the sculpture called "*basso-relievo*" formed a component part of the architecture of the oldest nations whose history has come down to us, it seems more than probable that the origin of both is coeval. The art of ornamenting their buildings with bas-reliefs was most extensively practised by the Egyptians, who covered almost the entire front of their edifices with these architectural sculptures, in compartments rising tier above tier, mostly cut in low relief, and some of them also frequently in *intaglio*, that is, cut into the surface of the stone, instead of projecting from it; this sculptured work generally presented a combination of figures and of hieroglyphics.

The Greeks brought this Art to the highest state of perfection; they, it has been remarked, "as a general principle considered the ground of figures in relief to be the real wall, or whatever the solid plane might be, and not to represent air as if it was a picture. The art with them was thus rather the union of sculpture with architecture than a union of sculpture with the conditions of painting. Although we can never expect to see the works of those great artists surpassed, or even equalled by later sculptors, yet it cannot be denied that the moderns have, by the application of the rules of perspective, introduced a wider scope for the representation of the picturesque. It is not supposed by the best authorities that the elder Greeks were ignorant of the principles of perspective, either as applied to painting or sculpture, but rather that the absence of it in the latter art, in their *relievi* works for instance—we have no opportunity of knowing what their painters did—arose from the conviction that perspective would be misapplied to sculpture. The Roman sculptors, or rather the Greeks who practised the art in ancient Rome, very commonly applied perspective to the ornaments of civic architecture, as we find buildings and other objects introduced behind the figures, "thus approaching the spurious style of relief in which the effects of perspective are attempted to be expressed:" various specimens of such works may be seen in the British Museum.

We are chiefly indebted to Flaxman for the revival in this country of a purer taste in the application of *basso-relievo* to architecture: his designs are founded on the best models of the Greeks. Our most distinguished living sculptors rarely execute works of this kind, except for monumental purposes, mainly, we presume, because the demand for it is so limited either for public or private buildings: Mr. Gibson, however, in the group he executed for the Queen, has produced a work of singular grace and beauty.

The fable of Cupid and Psyche, related by Apuleius, has often afforded subjects for our artists and poets; of the latter, the poem by Mrs. Tighe, an Irish lady, who died in 1810, is by far the best that has been written: it is in six cantos, and is characterised by a richness and brilliancy of colouring rarely excelled. This poem is not so widely known as its merits deserve.

Frequently as Cupid and Psyche have separately been represented by sculptors, we do not recollect to have seen them grouped together; Mr. Gibson has, however, produced a composition which inclines us to believe Mrs. Tighe's poem must have fallen into his hand, so luxuriously has he rendered the subject. The arrangement of the two figures is most harmonious in the disposition of the lines; the figure of Psyche is exquisitely graceful in pose, and beautifully modelled; while the foreshortening of the lower limbs and the high relief of the entire group would favour the idea that the sculpture is executed in the round, rather than on a flat surface.

THE COUNTRY OF CUYP.

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES
BY THE AUTHOR.*

If the accepted characterisation of a nation's felicity, conveyed in the well-known aphorism, "Happy is the country whose history is a blank," may be equally applied to individuals, then may we safely conclude that the old Dutch painters were among the happiest of the sons of Adam. Their lives were generally so entirely void of what playwrights term "incident," that we know little more of them than is conveyed in the three facts—that they were born in Holland; painted in the land of their birth; and were buried very little distant from the spot on which they were born. Contented with the calm monotony of their native land, they studied its narrowed sphere with so intense an application, and delineated it with so much truthfulness, that they imparted a charm to incidents and scenes the most unpromising, and arrested the attention of connoisseurs absorbed in the grander flights of Italian Art, compelling, by the innate merits of their work, a place of honour to be assigned the Dutch School, as a creation, *sui generis*, among the honoured of "the world of Art."

It is with national painters as it is with national poets, they suffer by translation. It is not possible fully to appreciate Dutch Art without visiting the Low Countries. It is not possible fully to feel the beauties of a national poet, unless we put ourselves in the position of his countrymen, and learn to understand the similes he brings from familiar objects, and appreciate their force upon the native mind. The *Ranz des Vaches* may be played in our streets without any other notice than its quaint or pleasing melody elicits; but its tones had so many home-associations for the Swiss soldiers of the armies of Napoleon, that after hearing it they deserted in such numbers as to oblige their imperial master to prohibit it in his camp. The golden sunsets of Cuyp, and the rich green meadows of Paul Potter, can be fully appreciated by any admirer of nature; but the quainter peculiarities of Dutch Art—its low, swampy landscapes, sometimes varied by ridges of sand, always abounding in water and sky, with a low horizon, having at times an unnatural look; its cottage roofs scarcely peeping above the raised causeways so laboriously constructed for necessary transit; its stunted willows and avenues of limes; its luxuriant herbage; its thousands of windmills; its well-fed cattle, and equally well-fed peasantry, are all so many truths, the more forcibly brought to the mind in travelling over the land whose painters have fixed them on canvas for ever, and made them familiar to the whole world.

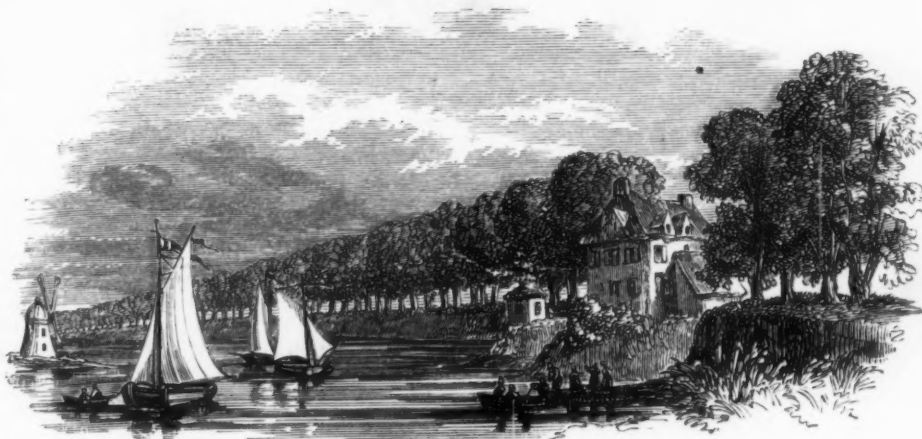
One instance of this is as good for the purposes of illustration as a hundred would be. In the skies of Wouvermans particularly, we constantly see the bright blue partially obscured by a group of clouds of a perfectly smoky tint—a deep rich brown, totally unlike cloud tints among ourselves, and bearing a disagreeable similarity to our native horror, a "London fog"—now, this is as true a transcript of a Dutch sky, as Ostade's boors are faithful portraits of his countrymen; and it is impossible to be some hours in Holland without seeing the perfect honesty of many other points in their delineations, which might be considered tasteless or unnatural by the critic who judges at his own home. It, therefore, follows that peculiarly national Art can never be fully appreciated out of its country, or by persons who are not familiar with its features; and it also argues the extraordinary abilities of the native artists of the Dutch school, who could, out of such unattractive and unpromising materials, create a position now universally accorded them, antagonistic as it is to the classic and spiritual schools, which alone were considered to be worthy of attention

* This, and other papers to follow, on the subject of Holland and its artists, are the results of a tour through that remarkable country, recently undertaken by Mr. Fairholt, during which he made many notes and sketches for express publication in this Journal.

in the days when it first came fresh upon the world. It was truth again a victor!

Leslie, in his sound and sensible "Handbook for young Painters," has excellently explained this. He says—"Italy is sometimes called 'the land of poetry'; but Nature impresses the varied sentiments of her varying moods as eloquently on flat meadows and straight canals, as on mountains, valleys, and winding streams; and visits the mill and the cottage with the same splendid phenomena of light and shadow as she does the palace. This was well understood by Cuyp and Ruysdael, and their most impressive pictures

are often made out of the fewest and the simplest materials. There is a small sunset by Cuyp in the Dulwich collection. It has not a tree, except in the extreme distance, nor scarcely a bush; but this has one of the finest skies ever painted, and this is enough, for its glow pervades the whole, giving the greatest value to the exquisitely-arranged colour of a near group of cattle, bathing the still water and distance in a flood of mellow light, and turning into golden ornaments a very few scattered weeds and brambles that rise here and there from the broadly-shadowed foreground into the sunshine."



THE GRAND CANAL, NEAR DORT.

Albert Cuyp was born at Dordrecht (or Dort, as it is usually abbreviated) in the year 1606. It was the year that also gave another of its greatest artists to Holland—the profound master of light and shade, the "gloomy Rembrandt." The father of Cuyp was a landscape painter, but Jacob Gerritz Cuyp never raised his works above a quiet delineation of nature, the simple repose which might satisfy his countrymen, but would never lay claim to attention out of Holland; it was reserved for his son to give poetry to this prose, and by patient stages to work upward to greatness, and slowly to fame;—so slowly, indeed,

that death arrested the painter's hand ere he knew the value the world would put upon his labours. In his own time his works can scarcely be said to have been appreciated, and we have no record of even fair prices being given for them; indeed, it is asserted by one of our best authorities,* that down to the year 1750 there is no example of any picture of Cuyp's selling for more than thirty florins, which is about five shillings less than three pounds in English money. How would the worthy painter be astonished if he now saw his works fetching from 500*l* to 1000*l*. each, and sometimes more!



VIEW OF DORT.

It is another proof that the intellectual work for posterity; it is the great gift of genius alone to arrest the oblivion which generally follows in the footsteps of time, and reversing the order of decay, rise triumphant over its common laws.

Cuyp was born in stirring times, when his countrymen were actively engaged in resisting the oppression of Spain. They had not been permitted to enjoy peacefully the unenviable swamps of Holland, or the simple faith of their fathers, without a struggle unequalled in the annals of history. The bloody Alva, that fierce and inhuman protector of the Roman Catholic

church, had murdered its men in cold blood, at Leyden and elsewhere, after guaranteed submission to his arms, and their surviving countrymen had seen that Spanish oaths were as fragile as reeds; so, after losing the best men of their race, and laying their country beneath water, enduring horrors and miseries which might have been thought impossible among civilised men, they established at Dort a synod which opposed further attempts successfully, and ultimately gave independence to the Dutch.

* Smith, "Catalogue Raisonné."

Dort at this time became the important centre of political negotiation, and here the Stadtholder had his residence, and met those men from whose councils were framed the general independence of the country.* Here resided Barneveldt, one of the purest patriots in an impure age; and here was he arrested and carried to the Hague to die on a scaffold, sacrificed by the very people he had served so well, and who were blindly



A DUTCH FARM-GATE.

misled by their treacherous Stadtholder, Prince Maurice. At this time Cuyp was thirteen years of age, and must have been in the way of seeing and hearing much of an exciting kind; indeed, excitement of the strongest was at that time abundant in Holland. Home miseries were, however, succeeded by great successes abroad, and the trade and wealth of the country gradu-



HAY-STACKS.

ally grew in spite of savage internal dissensions, until the peace of Munster, in 1648, gave over-taxed Holland free leave to recover itself; but they had again the misfortune of a bad governor in William II., who embroiled the country in party war; his death in 1650 once more seemed to promise peace, but growing dissensions arose between England and Holland, and Blake and



A STORK'S NEST.

Van Tromp fought for each country at sea. The death of Van Tromp in 1652, and the gloomy

* The island on which Dort is situated may be called Holland *proper*, inasmuch as historians inform us it was one of the first settlements made by its earliest ruler on this district, once submerged by the sea, and to which the name *Holt land*, or wooded land, was applied. It thus casually formed a bit of unclaimed land, which gave Count Thierry, who had seized it, a right of independent sovereignty in the eleventh century, which he vigorously upheld, and assisted surrounding districts in doing the same. The water about it is still called Hollands Diep.

prospects of their trade, induced the Dutch to again apply for peace to Cromwell, which was obtained from him at so inglorious a rate, that universal discontent and rebellion spread throughout the republic, and increased into a flame during the early part of the reign of our Charles II. The Dutch were aided by Louis XIV., only to meet with his strenuous opposition on the death of Philip IV. of Spain, at a time when the people might have fully expected repose, and a formidable aggression on the part of the French army forced them once more to internecine war; the sluices were again opened, the country sub-

merged to destroy the invaders, and extensive tracts of land, which had occasioned years of persevering labour to protect against the sea, were reduced to barrenness and desolation. The murder of the De Witts in 1672 gave the whole power into the hands of the young Prince of Orange (afterwards our King William III.), who, by his admirable judgment, unflinching courage, and pure patriotism, raised his devoted country from the dust.*

Cuyp lived quietly through all this. The year of his death has not been recorded, but it was certainly after 1672, as his name appears in a



A DUTCH ROAD SCENE.

list of the burghers of Dort made during that year; and one writer, Immerzeel, of Amsterdam, states that he was living in 1680. Man and his wars of policy and religion appear not to have affected his calm course. His Holland was not the Holland of feud and dissension, but the calm home of the peasant living happily among flocks and herds in genial sunshine.

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

His world was nature, without the baser elements introduced therein by man; repose is his treasure; and his own quiet temperament is

reflected in his portraits, glows upon his canvas with a warmer radiance, and elevates the scenes he depicts with a poetry that scarcely belongs to the country itself. It may be asked, where, amid all this flatness and apparent monotony of scene, did Ruysdael study his romantic waterfalls, or Cuyp his hilly landscapes? The former must have dealt at times in the imaginative, but Cuyp might readily have strolled from his native Dort into the province of Guelderlandt, and been among scenes as far removed from general flatness as he ever depicted. With his dreamy love of nature, he must have gladly escaped the poli-



THE VILLAGE OF ROOSENDAAL.

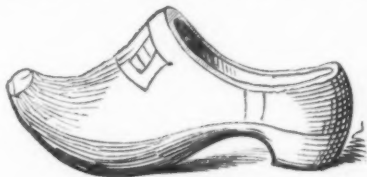
tical and religious dissensions which agitated that city in his time, returning to it only as to a workshop wherein he might elaborate his sketches made in the peaceful fields, and dispose of them at a moderate rate among his less happy fellow-townsmen. His patrons are not generally known, with the exception of Prince Maurice of Nassau, who was attached to his pictures. It is quite possible that the painter's life was inexpensive and unambitious; his pictures would appeal directly to his fellow-citizens and their neighbours; and his moderate wants and wishes be amply satisfied by the small amount of

patronage they could offer, yet enough for his small wants and pleasant dreamings as a free man in his native fields.

The visitor to Dort will now see a very different city to that Cuyp inhabited; it has under-

* It is recorded of him, that when the proposal was made to him of constructing Holland into a kingdom, of which he was to be sovereign, provided he gave up to England and France what they required, and his consent urged because nothing could save Holland from ruin, he heroically refused, declaring "There is one means which will save me from the sight of my country's ruin—I will die in the last ditch."

gone changes, but many of the old buildings remain. As he approaches it by the steamboat from the Moerdike, he will be struck by the peculiar aspect of the grand canal. It is walled by dykes, constructed most laboriously of earth or clay, and interwoven with a wicker-work of willow-boughs, which has to be continually renewed as it rots away. This accounts for the great cultivation of willows in Holland. The long lines of trees which edge the road on the



A WOODEN SHOE.

summit of the dykes have also their uses, irrespective of the pleasant shade their bowing foliage affords, for their roots assist in holding the earth together. So careful of these dykes are the inhabitants, that in some places they will not allow a plant to be plucked by the roots from their sides, for there is record of a great inundation, accompanied with much damage, having ensued by such an act, which gave water-way to a banked canal, the small leakage thus occasioned having rapidly increased, and ended



A FARMER'S WIFE.

in a torrent which was fatal to the level land near it. The abundance of windmills that surround Dort plays an important part in ridding the land of superfluous water, which is raised from the low country by their means to the higher embanked canals, and thence carried out to sea when the tide will allow the opening of the great flood-gates. The amazing number of windmills in Holland may be accounted for by the fact that they are destined to do at least three times the work they do in other lands.



A HORSE-SHOE.

They not only grind grain of all kinds, as with us, but they are extensively employed in sawing wood, and still more extensively in drainage, the most important of all employments in Holland. Consequently, wherever there chances to be a rising ground, there a windmill is stationed, and their numbers are sufficient to have quenched the ardour of the knight of La Mancha himself, who must have considered Holland entirely peopled with giants, with whom his single arm could only hopelessly contend.

The traveller who, like Oliver Goldsmith's, would wish to see

"Embosom'd in the deep, where Holland lies,"

would find his quickest course by rail from Antwerp. As soon as he leaves that quaint historic city, he finds the flat land assume a different aspect to the flat lands of Belgium; it is damper and more arid, patches of sand and rushes occasionally appear, and the inroads of the sea in the old times are visible. By the time he reaches the frontier town of Roosendaal he will fairly feel that he is in another land. Here, while the most minute search is made by the government officials on the luggage of the

entire train, he may study the view before him, which we have faithfully recorded in our engraving, and which is as characteristic of the country generally as anything he will meet on his journey. The low sand-ridges in the foreground, with a few stunted bushes on them; the higher sand-hills crowned by a windmill; the housetops appearing from the lowland beyond, looking as Hood happily described them, "as if set like onions to shoot up next season;" the masts of the vessels mixed among all, indicating the presence of a canal in the marsh, too low to be detected, are all strikingly peculiar features of this unique country.

Holland being at a lower level than any land



DUTCH HEAD-DRESSES.

on the continent of Europe, has been reclaimed from the sea by an amount of labour, in the way of artificial ramparts against its continued encroachments, unparalleled in the world. Goldsmith has well described this:—

"Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onwards, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign."

The necessary expense of this continued strain on the energies and wealth of the inhabitants, who have constantly to guard against the dangers by which nature has surrounded them, renders Holland a very expensive country for residence. The taxation in every way is immense, and with a national debt exceeding that of England, the people pay local taxes to a large amount, while personal property, even furniture, pictures, and prints, are taxed by yearly rates, increased as every trifle a man acquires in his home is increased; hence we find a sordid love of gain among the middle classes degenerating into downright cheating among the lower. The stranger visiting Holland must expect to be "shorn as a lamb," echoing Goldsmith's not very



THE VILLAGE OF BROECK.

complimentary lines on the Dutch, following those in the poem we have just quoted.

On reaching the Moerdike and embarking in a boat winding among the large islands known as Overflakke, Beyerland, &c., and which seem to have been formed originally by the spreading currents of the Maas (or Meuse) over the once sandy levels of the sea, the stranger will more fully understand the amphibious life of the Dutch—

"A land that lies at anchor, and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard." *

* Butler's "Hudibras."

With that strange love, born of early associations, a Dutchman seems to dote on the fetid canals of his infancy; and wherever the water is most stagnant, and the stench most oppressive, there he builds his summer-house, and goes in an evening to smoke his pipe and enjoy himself. How happily has Washington Irving depicted this abiding trait in his "Knickerbocker." The Dutchmen of America, true to their home pleasures, repaired to the dykes "just at those hours when the falling tide had left the beach uncovered, that they might snuff up the fragrant effluvia of mud and mire, which, they observed, had a truly wholesome smell, and reminded

them of Holland ;" but all this must have been only an approximation to the real thing, inasmuch as the smell of a genuine Dutch canal, when its fetid waters are only slightly moved by the heavy, slow-going barges, is something which exceeds description. Yet in these localities do we continually find gaily-painted pleasure-houses, rejoicingly inscribed with words over their portals, such as "Wel te vreden" (well-contented), "Gernstelyk en wel te vreden" (tranquil and content), and others all equally indicative of the content and happiness they produce to their owners.*

Nothing can exceed the vivid colours of the country houses we pass. The brightest of greens, the gayest of reds, the richest of blues cover their surfaces. They are generally separated from the road by the ditches which form a sort of net-work over the landscape, and the proper way of reaching them is indicated by a wooden door, regularly built up and standing alone—made, in fact, for making's sake—on the edge of the ditch. These advanced gateways are frequently seen in the pictures of Rembrandt, Teniers, and Ostade† You cross the wooden bridge and enter the farm. The pasturage, upon which so much depends, is stacked close by the house, and is generally built up round a strong pole, to prevent its dispersion in a stormy wind, which sometimes unmercifully sweeps over the flat lands.‡ As they are finished they are surrounded by other poles, supporting a moveable roof, which is drawn downward as the stack is consumed, and so it is sheltered while any remains. The farm-house will strike a stranger most forcibly by the solid comforts it exhibits, the rich massive furniture it contains, the looking-glasses in ponderous carved frames, and the heaps of rich old Japanese and other china which abound everywhere; an evidence of the former trade of the country, once so exclusively and prosperously carried on. The kitchens, with their brightly-scoured kettles, bring to mind the kitchens of Gerard Dow, and the sleek kitchen-maids seem to have sat to Maas for his servant-wench. But the wonders of the farm are the dairies: here they revel in cleanliness, sprinkling the stalls of the stables with snow-white sand, stroked into a variety of ornamental geometric figures by the broom, when the cows are away; and when these are present they are as carefully attended to as if they were children, their tails being hung in loose strings to the ceiling, lest they should dabble in the mire! When the cold season sets in, the animals are protected in the fields by a coarse sacking fastened over their backs, much like the coverings here adopted for favourite greyhounds, and the milk-maids are paddled lazily up the stagnant canals that pass round each field in place of our hedges, until she lands on the square patch of swampy grass, achieves her labours, gets into her boat, and is pushed or paddled by a stout swain, pipe in mouth, to the next rectangular plot, until her pails are sufficiently filled, when she is pushed gently toward the farm. There is no use in hurrying a Dutchman; he does all things leisurely; anxiety on your part will only make him more perseveringly stolid, and irritation more obstinately immovable.

Town life differs from country life only in the extra gaiety produced by better dwellings, and a greater concourse of people: its formality is as great. The heavy carriages which traverse the streets of Amsterdam upon sledges instead of wheels, drawn by large black horses, are more indicative to a stranger of a funeral than a friendly call. The provision made upon the gabled houses for the board and lodging of the favourite storks also indicate the quiet character of the youthful Hollander;§—there are no gamins

here, such as infest the streets of Paris: those animals could not live many days in this ungenial clime. We can fancy the misery of one of them, seized by proper officials, and put into the heavy charity dress, to learn what was proper of a Dutch pedagogue. The lugubrious little old figures that pass for children in pictures of the old native school, seem to have never differed from their parents but in age or size. Formality runs through everything in this land; the night watchman still

"Breaks your rest to tell you what's o'clock;"

but he does more than this; he announces his approach by a huge clapper of wood, which he rattles loudly, probably to warn thieves of his approach, that they may leisurely pack up and go away, and then the guardian, like Dogberry, may "presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God they are rid of a knave!"

To see the perfection of Dutch cleanliness or village-life run mad, the stranger should visit the renowned Broeck, in Waterland, as the district is properly termed in which it is situated, on the shores of the Zuyder Zee. From Amsterdam the grand ship canal, which extends for nearly fifty miles to the Texel, will be seen *en route*, and a four-mile drive deposits the stranger at the entrance of the village. There he must alight and walk over the village, for all carriages and horses are forbidden to enter this paradise of cleanliness. It is recorded that the Emperor Alexander was obliged to take off his shoes before entering a house. A pile of wooden sabots at the doors testify that usual custom of its inhabitants.* The rage for "keeping all tidy" has even carried its inhabitants so far as to tamper with the dearest of a Dutchman's treasures—his pipe; for it is stipulated that he wear over it a wire net-work, to prevent the ashes from falling on the footpaths; these are constructed of small coloured bricks, arranged in fancy patterns, and are sometimes sanded and swept in forms like those we have described in dairies. Nothing can exceed the brightness of the paint, the polished coloured tiles on the roofs, or the perfect freedom from dirt exhibited by the cottages, which look like wooden Noah's arks in a genteel toy-shop. The people who live in this happy valley are mostly well off in the world, and have made fortunes in trade, retiring here to enjoy Dutch felicity. The pavilion and garden of one rich old clergyman, Mynheer Bakker, has long been a theme of admiration. The good man revelled in a caricature of a garden in which he sunk much money; and at his death left a will by which it should be kept up. This is no inexpensive thing in Broeck, for, owing to the boggy nature of the soil, it continually requires attention and renovation.† In this garden are crowded summer houses and temples of every fanciful style yet "unclassified." Plump Dutch divinities stare at wooden clergymen, who pore over wooden books in sequestered corners; while wooden sportsmen aim at wooden ducks rotting on the stagnant water. The climax of absurdity is reached at a small cottage constructed in the garden, to show, as our guide informed us, how the country folks "make the money." You enter, and your guide disappears as rapidly as a Dutchman can, and leaves you to contemplate a well-furnished room, with abundance of crockery, an immense clock, and a well-stored tea-table, at which sit two wooden puppets, as large as life; the old man smoking his pipe, and preparing the flax, which the old woman spins, after the field labours are over. All the movements of these figures are made by clockwork, worked by the invisible gardener, and concealed under the floor. In former times the good lady hummed a song; but her machinery being now out of order, the stranger is only greeted on his en-

trance by some spasmodic yelps from a grim wooden dog, who always faithfully keeps watch and ward at her feet.

In Broeck no one enters a house by the front door, nor is any one seen at a front window. The front of a house is where the "best parlours" are, which are sacred to cleanliness and solitude. Irving's description of such an apartment is rigidly true: "the mistress and her confidential maid visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights; always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking-feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids; after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fire-place, the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up till the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning-day." The people of Broeck always enter their houses by back doors, like so many burglars; and to ensure the front door from unholy approach, the steps leading up to it are removed, never to be placed there but when three great occasions open the mystic gate, and these are births, marriages, and funerals; so that to enter a Dutchman's house by that way is indeed an "event."

The country girls generally wear the plain and ugly caps represented in our cuts; but the richer farmers' daughters, particularly in North Holland, are extremely fond of a display of the precious metals in their head-dress. Pins of gold, to which heavy pendants hang, and elaborated ear-rings frequently appear, and occasionally the hair is overlaid entirely by thin plates of gold covered with lace; the forehead banded with silver richly engraved; bunches of light gold flowers hang at each side of the face, and pins and rosettes are stuck above them. We have engraved a specimen of this oppressive finery, which is sometimes further enriched by a few diamonds on the frontlet of the wealthy ladies of Broeck when they appear on a Sunday at church.

It would seem as if a Dutchman really loved the ponderous, for nowhere else may be seen the weighty wooden carriages in which they delight to drive along the country roads; they are solid constructions of timber, elaborately carved and painted, resting on the axles, and never having springs, which, indeed, are not so essentially necessary as with us, owing to the softness and flatness of the roads. The guide-posts are equally massive, and the outstretched hands with stumpy fingers which point the route to be taken, seem to be made for future generations. The wooden shoes of the peasantry make the foot the most conspicuous part of the body, and ensure slowness; while in some places the horses are provided with a broad patten strapped across the foot, and making their movements as measured and sedate as their masters.* The tenderness with which they look after their beasts, and comb and plait their tails, shows no necessity for a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" in Holland. Their solicitude for their cows and pet storks we have already noted; and the number of their charitable institutions is so great, that poverty or want never meets the eye of a traveller. There is a well-fed comfort pervading all classes, and a scrupulous neatness and order over the whole country, the result of a constant cheerful industry, which scarcely asks for rest.

It is not the custom of the travelling English to visit Holland; it is a *terra incognita* to them, though other parts of Europe are filled by them to repletion. In this and other papers we hope to bring its features strongly before our readers, if they will, by aid of pen and pencil, travel in imagination with us over the land of Cuypp, Rembrandt, and Paul Potter.

* The boggy nature of the soil of Holland, and the mischief which might be done by the sinking of a horse's feet, have led to these inventions, the low countries of England can also produce examples of broad protections to prevent a horse from sinking or cutting up the swampy land, somewhat similar to those used in Holland; and which entirely surround the shoe.

* To the left of our view of Broeck there is a good example of one of these erections in a sort of Chinese taste.

† Our first engraving represents one near Leyden, which is completely identical with those depicted two centuries ago by the artists named.

‡ In the second of our little cuts we have shown this useful and simple mode of stacking, which is universal in Holland.

§ These nests are constructed on small beams of wood, placed by the inhabitants on their house-ridges, as it is considered *lucky* to induce storks to build. They come regularly to their old nests in their periodical visits, and they are never molested. To kill or injure one would be considered as a sacrilegious act.

* These sabots, once so popularly known by name in England, when it was the custom to talk of William III. as having saved the nation from "popery, slavery, and wooden shoes," are generally formed of willow and elm. They are very cheap, and threepence will purchase a pair of the commonest kind, such as we engrave; but others are ornamented with carved bows and buckles, painted black, and smart-looking; these are much dearer, and worn by the better class of farm-servants, who sometimes protect the foot by a soft inner shoe of list.

† The gardener informed us that the surface sunk at the rate of half a foot in a year.

	Total of Exhibitors.	First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.		Total of Exhibitors.	First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.		Total of Exhibitors.	First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.
FRANCE	9790	65	137	AUSTRIA	1302	5	15	SWEDEN & NORWAY.....	600	1	1
GREAT BRITAIN	1568	17	32	BELGIUM	740	7	7	SWITZERLAND.....	454	..	10
PRUSSIA	1133	5	18	SPAIN	550	..	1	U. S. OF AMERICA.....	140	2	2

FIRST CLASS MEDALS OF SILVER, AND SECOND CLASS MEDALS OF BRONZE.

	CLASS I. MINING AND METALS.			CLASS II. HUNTING, &c.			CLASS III. AGRICULTURE.			CLASS IV. MACHINERY : PRIME MOVERS.			CLASS V. MACHINERY FOR TRANSPORT.			CLASS VI. MANUFACTURING MACHINERY.			CLASS VII. WEAVING MACHINERY.			CLASS VIII. PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS.			CLASS IX. HEAT, LIGHT, AND ELECTRICITY.			CLASS X. CHEMICALS; LEATHER, AND PAPER.			CLASS XI. ALIMENTARY SUBSTANCES.			CLASS XII. PHARMACY, &c.			CLASS XIII. NAVAL AND MILITARY ARTS.			CLASS XIV. CIVIL ENGINEERING.							
	Number of Exhibitors.			Number of Exhibitors.			Number of Exhibitors.			Number of Exhibitors.			Number of Exhibitors.			Number of Exhibitors.			Number of Exhibitors.			Number of Exhibitors.			Number of Exhibitors.			Number of Exhibitors.			Number of Exhibitors.			Number of Exhibitors.			Number of Exhibitors.			Number of Exhibitors.							
	First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.		First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.		First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.		First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.		First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.		First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.		First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.		First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.		First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.		First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.		First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.		First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.		First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.		First Class Medal.	Second Class Medal.						
U. S. OF AMERICA..	8	3	..	1	5	..	3	9	..	1	4	..	30	5	1	3	7	1	3	9	..	6				
SWITZERLAND	4	33	5	12	12	..	1	11	..	1			
SWEDEN & NORWAY	65	6	..	15	33	5	12	12	..	1	11	..	1	
SPAIN	122	12	3	23	1	12	85	4	13	13	26	4	
BELGIUM	47	9	10	1	71	12	15	15	29	3	4	12	20	3	3	16	1
AUSTRIA	137	22	12	20	14	25	1	4	16	12	3	3	35	1
PRUSSIA	162	10	14	2	104	48	..	5	10	22	2	1	20	20	3	4	32	3	7	9	4	1	157	13	24	36	..	9	11
GREAT BRITAIN.....	54	18	18	7	1	0	34	7	11	11	42	4	11	89	6	9	54	9	6	36	11	9	75	5	6	51	6	11	184	22	24	21	2	3	50	3	11	65	18	3	29	8	37	29	8	37	
FRANCE	215	34	47	70	3	6	472	69	135	135	221	15	52	149	9	24	374	42	74	200	34	69	400	41	69	268	29	45	929	95	138	655	79	95	227	26	34	172	54	33	241	37	62				

	CLASS XV. STEEL AND ITS PRODUCTS.			CLASS XVI. GENERAL METAL WORK.			CLASS XVII. GOLD-SMITH AND JEWELLERY, &c.			CLASS XVIII. GLASS AND POTTERY.			CLASS XIX. COTTON, &c.			CLASS XX. WOOLLEN, &c.			CLASS XXI. SILK.			CLASS XXII. FLAX, &c.			CLASS XXIII. HOSIERY AND CARPETS.			CLASS XXIV. FURNITURE AND DECORATION.			CLASS XXV. ORNAMENTAL OBJECTS.			CLASS XXVI. PRINTING AND PHOTOGRAPHY.			CLASS XXVII. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.			MIXED COMMISSION OF CLASSES X., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., XXIII.																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																
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BELGIUM	6	36	4	14	27	14	..	33	30	..	38	1	7	30	87	2	25	33	3	20	28	8																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																						
AUSTRIA	94	9	19	42	8	12	44	6	9	38	1	7	105	21	16	105	38	54	50	2	10	43	3	18	26	2	7	34	3	10	69	..	9	31	38	4	10	36	7	10	12	1																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																							
PRUSSIA	78	13	23	96	10	31	20	12	..	26	2	15	158	38	54	158	38	54	50	2	10	43	3	18	26	2	7	34	3	10	69	..	9	31	38	4	10	36	7	10	12	1																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																					
GREAT BRITAIN.....	72	15	22	75	12	23	75	6	9	53	5	17	77	16	10	77	16	10	32	9	16	49	3	10	78	18	21	52	6	13	116	9	31	76	28	22	18	3	3	16	12	1																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																		
FRANCE	221	38	51	338	34	59	273	51	86	352	49	..	399	35	58	550	102	158	512	93	88	273	19	51	326	80	119	330	29	85	912	73	165	498	98	172	213	42	38

From the above it will appear that the proximate proportion of the *Grand Medals of Honour* attained, in reference to the number of exhibitors, stands thus:—

America, $\frac{1}{10}$; Great Britain, $\frac{1}{61}$; Belgium, $\frac{1}{108}$; France, $\frac{1}{134}$; Prussia, $\frac{1}{220}$; Austria, $\frac{1}{972}$; Sweden and Norway, $\frac{1}{600}$. The Second Gold or Medal of Honour : Switzerland, $\frac{1}{15}$; America, $\frac{1}{15}$; Great Britain, $\frac{1}{48}$; Prussia, $\frac{1}{85}$; France, $\frac{1}{71}$; Austria, $\frac{1}{60}$; Belgium, $\frac{1}{103}$; Spain, $\frac{1}{250}$; Sweden and Norway, $\frac{1}{400}$.

It will be found that in the distribution of the silver and bronze medals, Great Britain held a similar former position, and upon the whole may be considered to have had accorded to her a sufficient testimonial of the comparative deserts of the contributors, by which she was content to support her manufacturing pretensions. We are aware that, there have been many complaints respecting the decisions of the juries—we have no doubt that of many not a few had good foundation—but it is a useless and untoward task to overhaul errors of this kind. It is for future times, future organisations for similar vast rival displays, to guard, if it be possible, against the

causes through which they may be supposed to have occurred. It is for us, and all friends of our country's continued prosperity, to draw the moral from the great drama that has been enacted, and that is—that as all over the Continent, but more especially in France and Germany, Industrial labour appears to be in an unprecedented state of forward movement, developing itself with all appliances of Science and Art, England,—if she would continue to vindicate her past repute for pre-eminence, must bring amply to the aid of her zealous, manful, and intelligent operatives, those higher refining intellectual agencies to which we have alluded, and through which a sort of beauty is made to pervade and enliven with unimagined charms the rudest produce of their toils.

If we review the progress of British Art Industry during the past ten or fifteen years, we shall have much reason to congratulate our manufacturers and our artisans: a comparison of the present with the past is anything but discouraging. Many engines have been at work to produce advancement; if the Schools of Design have not achieved all of which they are

capable, they have certainly done much good. In spite of bad management, short-comings, and unseemly squabbles, they have wrought a change in the manufacturing districts which is gradually converting the artisan into the artist, and which will in course of time enable our Art-workmen to compete with the Art-workmen of France—the true source of the superiority of French productions.

Are we not justified also in claiming for THE ART-JOURNAL a share in this *onward movement*? France has vainly attempted to produce a similar work. It is notorious that there is not in that country "a public" to sustain it. We have continual evidence that the manufacturer on the one hand, and the artisan on the other, appreciate our labours, because they learn from them: and perhaps there is not a single Art-manufactory in the kingdom in which the Journal is not the daily adviser of those who labour in "the work-shop."

So much we are free to say, to give heart to those for whom we cater; and to derive stimulus and encouragement for ourselves.

OBITUARY.

THE REV. ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

We have obtained, during the year which has just closed, so many sad reminders that "friend after friend departs," that we have become painfully accustomed, as it were, to the death-bell. But none of these warnings came upon us more suddenly than the loss of the Rev. Robert Montgomery. We had known him from his youth up,—had at intervals enjoyed his brightness and kindness in society—and been still more frequently interested and improved by his pulpit vigour and eloquence. We knew that the desire of his heart was to do good, and that one institution (the Hospital for the Cure of Consumption, at Brompton) has had its funds increased more than a thousand pounds by the earnestness and frequency of his sermons only: and we mourned for his "departure" as a public bereavement, even on that ground alone: for this was but one of his many "outlets" of Christian charity and love.

We knew Mr. Robert Montgomery before the world accepted him as a poet, and previous to his being ordained. He had, in the fulness of boyish recklessness, written a satire, which, knowing he would be sorry for it hereafter, we,—somewhat older and more experienced,—entreated him not to publish; but he was, even then, so brave for what he believed TRUTH, that he would not be advised, and so launched his paper boat upon the "ocean of strife," where it certainly attracted more attention than could have been expected for the work of an unknown author. Yet it did him harm—as satires always do—and made him foes who reluctantly pardoned, if they ever did so.

Gifted by nature with great good temper and unflagging cheerfulness, he endured the rebuffs then heaped upon him without evincing bitterness or disappointment, and determined, nothing daunted, to "try again." In the meantime, his youth, good looks, frankness, natural gaiety, and a perfect guilelessness of heart and manner, were winning their way in society, and those who felt a real interest in the man, more perhaps than in the poet, feared he would be spoiled for anything great. It was almost impossible to believe that the brilliant flutterer had a fixed purpose—from which he never swerved. Scraps of his poetry, full of beauty and feeling, in a different tone and spirit to "The Age Reviewed," enriched the pages of "The Literary Gazette," then edited by Mr. Jerdan, who was more likely to spoil an aspirant for literary distinction by over-praise, than to crush him by disdain or neglect. He "took up" Robert Montgomery with the same enthusiasm with which he had taken up "L. E. L.;" and the result was, that even before the publication of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," the literary coteries of which "The Literary Gazette" was the oracle, caught the new lion; and we have seen his progress watched through crowded salons, by young ladies with albums and old ladies without, but all anxious to obtain a bow or a smile from the young poet. There are no young poets now-a-days to "catch," but if there were, we doubt their being so petted and followed and flattered, as the friend who has just passed from this throbbing world. Unlike the generality of literary men, he had large talent for society; his "small change" was ever ready, and his ringing laugh and pleasant voice, told how much he appreciated the wit or cheerfulness of others. His conversation was rather flowing than sparkling, and he was never either "sharp" or dictatorial; never ready to "give it" even to his foes, though ready to "take it" without ill-temper. Indeed his fondness for society, and of late years his duties, occupied so much of his time, that it is a matter of astonishment how he found leisure to issue poem after poem. Had he been entirely devoted to literature, many of his productions would have been more worthy of his reputation, and more fitted to take their stand by "Luther,"—which we consider his finest work. It is well to look back and note how the young man, in the full blaze of his London popularity, devoted the means he gained by his poetry to graduate at Oxford

and enter the Church. He soon became noted as an eloquent preacher, and had his lot been cast in England instead of Scotland (where for some years he filled one of the principal Episcopalian churches in Glasgow), he would not have died minister of Percy Chapel. Some of the best years of his industrious life were embittered by bickerings and disputes at this great City of the North. Perhaps the most charitable judgment to write is, that the people did not understand him, and he did not understand them. On his return to London, after an absence of some years, he created a congregation of admirers and friends, and was himself the friend of all who sought advice or needed assistance; shrinking alike from the very "high" as well as the very "low" church, he continued faithful in what he believed the Christian path he had chosen; but it is possible that his belonging to no "party" retarded his Church preferment. He has frequently been accused of an over-love of popularity, and he was too truthful and sincere to conceal the pleasure that all derive from praise—indeed, wearing "his heart upon his sleeve"—there were abundant "daws" to peck thereat, and no man could have had so large a share of fame without having to contend with herds of disappointed detractors; an edition or two of a bad work may be "got through" by the instrumentality of reviews, or the labours of a publisher, and readers who do not care to think or feel, are often rejoiced at being spared both thought and feeling by the instrumentality of "the Press,"—adopting an opinion in lieu of the endeavour to create one: but the prestige in favour of an author's ability will not carry a publication through a score of editions, unless there be vital talent and vigorous power to bear it onward. It is far easier to catch than to keep a reputation.

"The Omnipresence of the Deity" has reached the eight-and-twentieth edition, and the mighty thunder of Printing-house Square long ago declared that, "a purer body of ethics had never been read, and that he who could peruse it without emotion, clothed as it is in the graceful garb of poetry, must have a very cold and insensible heart."

The Rev. Robert Montgomery was born in Bath, in July, 1807, and his boyish days were passed at Dr. Arnot's school, near his birth-place, and in 1843 he made a most happy marriage with Rachel, the youngest daughter of A. McKenzie, Esq., of Bursledon, Hampshire; the only surviving issue of this union is a little daughter of four years old. He died at Brighton, at the end of November, 1855.

Mr. Montgomery never corrected the notes of a sermon, without talking over in the domestic circle, where he was so tenderly beloved, the plan and subject of the next. With even more than usual care he prepared a sermon, which he preached on the 18th of November, in Percy Chapel, on *Jacob's Death Bed*, and his wife observed, that now she hoped he would take some rest, as he had not busied himself with preparations for the following Sunday. Many of his people say that that sermon was the most powerful and eloquent he had ever preached; it was like Mozart's requiem—his own dirge! His physician had often told him that he was wearing out his strength and brain, but he would laugh and reply that he would "die in harness." The poor, in every sense of the word, were very near his heart; by his preaching and collecting for them, he was enabled (we speak, having authority from one who knew him well) to distribute a *thousand a year* in charity, and this, when the net income of Percy Chapel hardly yielded him five hundred a year. But after that memorable sermon, his wife and physician insisted that he must rest, and the following Sunday he took the first holiday he had had for fifteen months; it is not to be wondered at if the discharge of the duties due to so large a congregation, added to his literary occupations, rendered him fearfully nervous; and it was hoped that perfect rest at Brighton would act as a tonic to his system; he never, during his brief but most trying illness, uttered an impatient word, and his mental wanderings were suggestive of the happiest and most consolatory images.

It was not until within a few hours of his death, that Mrs. Montgomery had an idea of his danger; he regretted that his strength had passed so rapidly away that he could only say little prayers for her and his people, and, after enquiring if some relations he hoped to see had arrived, he asked her whom he loved best in the world to say out the Lord's Prayer.

She did so, and his faltering voice followed hers until about the middle—it ceased! When she had finished, *his* could be heard no more on earth! The world knew him as a poet—his congregation as a faithful, eloquent, Gospel minister—the poor as an unfailing friend—but in his home, no more tender or unselfish husband, father, or relative, ever left a hearth desolate! Restless as was his nature, he could tame it down at any time to watch by the couch of sickness or relieve the pangs of sorrow. A few words in honour of his memory can be considered by no one as words out of place.

A. M. H.

MR. B. PISTRUCCI.

We have as yet delayed our notice of the death of this distinguished medallist, which took place at his residence, at Englefield Green, about three months since, in the expectation of being in a position to place before our readers a history of his life and his works. Hitherto we have not been able to collect the materials necessary for the purpose; we hope, however, to do this eventually; in the meantime we would remark that as chief medallist in the Royal Mint, Mr. Pistrucci executed, with the exception of the shillings and sixpences, all the coins of the reign of George III. since 1815, and the six principal coins of George IV.; the coronation medal of the latter monarch, and the grand medal to commemorate the battle of Waterloo, which has never yet made its appearance, although we believe it was completed long before the death of the artist. This medal is, we understand, one of the finest works of its class ever executed; but whether the public will ever have the opportunity of estimating its merits seems problematical; "for" in the words of a contemporary, "George III. died, still nothing certain was heard about it; George IV. died, and collectors were still impatient. William IV. died, and Mr. Hamilton assured us that it was in hand—would be a glorious work, and well worth waiting for. Then came the Mint Commission of 1848, and it was not forthcoming." The medallist himself is now gone, but yet we hear nothing of his final and chief work.

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

The death, on the 18th of December, of the venerable poet, Samuel Rogers, Esq., whose poems have so frequently been the themes of British painters, is an event not to be passed over in our columns; though we have but a few lines into which to crowd a notice of one who, for more than half a century, has filled no unimportant niche in the temple of literature, and in the great commercial circles of the metropolis. "It must have been," said a writer in the *Times*, the day after the death of Mr. Rogers, "by an extraordinary combination of position, of intellectual and social qualities, of prudence, and of wisdom, that the same man who was the friendly rival of Byron, Wordsworth, and Scott, talked finance with Huskisson and Peel upon equal terms, exchanged *bon mots* with Talleyrand, and was the friend of all the eminent men, and of many of the indigent and miserable who flourished and suffered during three parts of a century. Such a man was Samuel Rogers."

MR. JAMES CARTER.

We are desirous of supplying an omission in the paragraph which appeared in our last number, relative to the subscription that is being made for the widow and daughters of the late Mr. Carter. Mr. Ackerman, of the Strand, has kindly undertaken to receive any contributions that may be forwarded to him for the purpose set forth in our former notice.

TESTIMONIAL PLATE.

PRESENTED TO SAMUEL COURTAULD, ESQ.

PRODUCED BY MR. S. S. BENSON, OF CORNHILL.

ON the opposite page we introduce an engraving of a "piece of plate," which for want of a better name we must call a "centre-piece." It is a work of a more than usually high order; and as such justly claims the distinction we have given it: for, as the production of excellent Art-workmen, executed by an accomplished sculptor, and highly honourable also to the City gold and silversmith from whose establishment it issues, (and who is also the designer), it may be rightly considered and described as a very superior work of Art.

With its history we have little to do, further than to say that it is a testimonial presented to SAMUEL COURTAULD, Esq., whose memorable contest in the famous "Braintree Church Rate Case," effected changes in parish judicature which a large number of persons desired to record to the honour of the gentleman, who by large sacrifices, indomitable energy and perseverance, during a lengthened period of seven years, had fought a battle which terminated in a victory.

This testimonial is the result produced by the combined subscriptions of many sympathising admirers. The commission to execute a piece of plate was, after competition, given to Mr. S. S. Benson, of Cornhill—the style and subject being left entirely to his own taste and judgment. He very properly, and very wisely, sought the co-operation of an artist of high talent, and in Mr. Foley he found a worthy co-adjutor. The production will certainly rank with the very best works of this class which have been executed in this country, and affords satisfactory evidence of our advance beyond the unmeaning and inartistic "things" which in time past wasted precious metal—rendering a testimonial valuable only according to its weight in silver. Some description of this work is necessary to guide those who examine it; and this description we copy from Mr. Benson's printed circular: the design being to exhibit "CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY TRIUMPHANT."

The upper figure (Liberty) holds in her hand the emblem of Victory; under her feet are chains, faggots, and scourges, the symbols of Civil and Religious Tyranny.

Liberty is supported on one side by Christianity, and on the other by Justice; Wisdom being the third figure in the tripod.

On the base, History records the triumphs of Liberty, Civilisation rejoices at the results; at the back is a Figure emblematic of Perseverance and Industry.

It has been thought desirable to make Moral Power the prevailing feature in this work; Justice is therefore divested of the Sword.

The height is about 30 inches; the breadth at the base, 23 inches. Weight of the whole 600 oz.

The engraving—which is highly satisfactory—has been executed by the eminent engravers, Messrs. J. & G. Nicholls.

We cannot doubt that the engraving of this very beautiful and highly meritorious work will be acceptable to the readers of the *Art-Journal*. It does credit to all concerned: the design is of the best order; honourable to the fame of the accomplished sculptor: the Art-workmen have ably seconded the artist; and its issue cannot fail to enhance the reputation of the goldsmith, who in sending forth so excellent a work of Art, has advanced the character of "the City."

We attach more than ordinary importance to the production of this work: for it is a proof of the general progress of a purer order of Art; and a proof also that producers will not be, as they have so long been, content to send forth a valuable material degraded instead of elevated, by being passed through the hands of parties who can do nothing but follow in the footsteps of ignorant predecessors. Mr. Benson has taken especial care that all his associates should be worthy of trust: and we imagine the subscribers, whose combined contributions have been thus expended, must be more than satisfied with the result. Under such circumstances, the Manufacturer becomes an Artist.

MADAME LIND GOLDSCHMIDT
AT EXETER HALL.

PERHAPS our *Journal*—"The Art Journal"—ought, on the Continental plan, to embrace the Art Music, as well as the sister Arts; but to give the same attention, and render the same justice to music that we endeavour to do to painting, would require an augmented staff and enlarged space; so that only on rare occasions can we venture to touch upon what, we are happy to say, affords a continually increasing enjoyment to the English people. The re-appearance of a lady so distinguished and so respected as Madame Goldschmidt, however, calls for a brief record, even from us. And it certainly was with no slightly moved feelings of memory and expectation, that we once more encountered the crush of a "Jenny Lind night."

We rejoiced at the crowd inside and outside; we knew that Madame Goldschmidt deserved the welcome she was sure to receive; we never did separate, and we never wish to separate the "artiste" from the woman; we care not if we are called "enthusiasts" or "partisans," or any other ugly or foolish name; but we still consider Madame Goldschmidt the perfection of both woman and artiste; we cannot divide her talent from her charity; they are inseparably linked; we knew her noble, generous nature was unchanged; that she returned to England a happy wife and mother, with as warm an affection for the country as when she left it to test the reception she might meet in America: and we heard in the morning, from one well qualified to judge, that her voice was finer in power and quality than ever—this was to be expected. Madame Goldschmidt is in the prime of life; her voice has had long rest, with only occasional public exertion; and she is in the full enjoyment of health, and the blessings she has earned and deserved. From time to time we heard of her movements; and the great hearts of Europe beat stronger and quicker when they rehearsed her good deeds and triumphs. It was gratifying to observe how the audience poured in—and nothing but the admirable arrangements in the Hall could have preserved order; there were over a thousand "reserved seats," and had there been twice as many they would, even at this unpropitious season, have been filled. True, it was only here and there we recognised one of the *habitués* of the Opera—the unmistakable head, the genuine opera-glass, and irreproachable white gloves natural to "the stalls" in the old Haymarket, wondering how they got to the reserved seats at Exeter Hall. Looking round, we saw that the audience was a good, hearty, intelligent English audience, but it was not the audience which greeted the Prima Donna in "Alice," or hung upon her sweet sounds in the "Sonnambula," however, if not as refined, the crowd had hearts and hands, and both hailed her appearance. As town fills, the regular opera-goers will be again recognised; now, the citizens—and that great undefined power, the "middle classes"—have the best of it.

We saw the multitudinous chorus and orchestra stumble up and down, as it might be, to their seats, and thought how much better it would be if they could have been classed or arranged, so as not to look so "spotty;" there a dense mass of black coats, here a patch of scarlet opera cloaks, and there again a flock of white dresses, looking so piteously cold and chill. We have a theory of our own that the chorus of an oratorio should dress like the choir of a cathedral, it would add greatly to the pictorial effect and expression of the scene. We had leisure too to think how exceedingly low the ceiling was for music, and how flat and ugly the room appeared—so hard, and blocked out without the least pretension to elegance or comfort: it is simply a square common hall fit for mob orators, it seems, but totally unsuited to its present high purpose. We were dreaming over what the walls could tell of the varied scenes which had passed within them, and thinking over what we ourselves had witnessed therein, when the organ issued its great command to the

gathering, and the stragglers swarmed into their places, and there was a low buzzing sound like the murmur of bees, and a rapid turning over of "scores," and the audience rose a little and fluttered a little, and then settled down. There was a pause, broken by "my seat, 879," "and mine, 908," followed immediately by "hush—h—h—," and then, slighter than ever, pale and white as a statue—not a bit of colour about her—her sunny hair parted and folded as in the "Figlia,"—large white roses at the back—no ornament except a diamond star upon her bosom—there came, half hesitating, half confiding, the unspoiled favourite of Europe and America. The orchestra, chorus, audience rose to greet her, every species of honourable "noise," from the hearty clap to the "bravo" and "hurrah!" gave her welcome—again—and again—until Benedict waved his wand, and the well-trained orchestra commenced "The Creation."

Perhaps no public singer ever found her way so thoroughly into the hearts of "the people" as Madame Goldschmidt; yet a clique here whose strength lies in a sneer, speak and write as if England was the only country where what they call "the Lind fever" prevailed: if there be such a distemper, it devastated Sweden and Germany, before its arrival in England; we only followed in their wake, and all our ovations are as the blossoms of a hedge primrose to the splendour of the *Victoria Regia*, in comparison with the homage rendered the *Cantatrice* in America. A fashion will last a season, but no longer; and many seasons, and, alas! years, have passed since Hans Andersen so eloquently and beautifully described the flutterings of the Swedish Nightingale in her own land. She looks still "the young girl robed in white," and she is still what she was then, as earnest in working out the character of whatever music she sings, as if she were a disciple, not a master, in her Art. Her musical conscientiousness is beyond all praise, she never thinks of self—never of where she can put in (a singer's temptation) "her best notes;" she bends to the composer's feeling as much as to the composer's style, and while she imitates his inspiration, becomes herself inspired.

When Madame Goldschmidt rose to give the first solo lines of that mighty chorus—"The heavens are telling," we knew her voice would tremble, yet they were delivered "as if an angel spoke;"—the sweetness and loveliness of "With verdure clad" thrilled through the room; but Madame Goldschmidt was not her perfect self until she sang "On mighty pens,"—that proved the truth of what we had heard, that her voice was not only greater but fresher than when she first came to England. After this varied burst of song, so faithful because so eloquent of sentiment and music, the audience paused as if unable to express their delight; but after a moment it burst forth into the most loud and animated applause, in which the chorus (forgetting its official dignity) tumultuously joined. Madame Goldschmidt acknowledged the enthusiasm of both with her old bows and smiles of pleasure. She carried the audience as triumphantly with her throughout the music of "Eve" as she had done while rendering "The archangel's melodies." Madame Goldschmidt's face in repose seems to us more thoughtful and steadfast, more marked than we remember it to have been; but it becomes perfectly radiant when she sings—which she does without an effort. In the more exalted passages her large blue eyes dilate into such darkness and power, that it is almost impossible to believe they are the calm soft orbs that a little before appeared communing with her own thoughts, heedless of the palpitating crowd.

The impression which her first appearance left was, that in sacred song she was firmer and finer than ever; and as it is to be hoped she will remain a few months with us, and visit the provinces, all who love music will have the privilege of hearing and seeing her. Continental "on dit" leads us to anticipate much pleasure from Mr. Goldschmidt's fine taste and excellence as a pianist. He is said to have powers of the highest and rarest order.

A. M. H.



TESTIMONIAL PLATE

TO SAMUEL COURTAULD, ESQ.

THE
ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

OUR new year's number goes to press too early in the preceding month, to allow us to do more than mention the opening conversazione of the Architectural Exhibition, which took place on the 18th ult., and was attended by a considerable number of ladies and gentlemen. The exhibition, which is now open at the Suffolk Street Galleries, consists of a large number of drawings of buildings recently erected, or in progress, together with designs, some views of old buildings, and a few photographs. There are about 600 works of these classes. Amongst the designs are several for decorative enrichments and furniture. There are also some specimens of executed decorations, and numerous models and specimens of materials, manufactured articles, and new inventions connected with architecture and decorative art. The merits of objects in these latter classes are to be reported upon by the council of the Royal Institute of British Architects, towards the close of the exhibition. Certain evenings are set apart for lectures, namely, "On Ancient Assyrian Architecture," by Mr. Fergusson; "On Early Christian Art, as illustrated in Mosaic Paintings," by Mr. Scharf; "On Utilitarianism in Architecture," by the Rev. J. L. Petit; "On the Ancient Architecture of Scotland," by Mr. Billings, and "On the Influence of Light and Shadow on Architectural Composition," by Mr. Thomas Allom.

The interest with which we have watched the progress of this exhibition is known to our readers; and though this year, there are a few leading architects whose recent works should have been represented, the collection approaches more nearly than that of last season to an adequate exemplification of the existing state of architectural taste, and there is every appearance that the assertion on which we ventured—that the rooms were far too small for such exemplification—was made with reason. The subjects to be presented in an exhibition of the kind, are very varied: for these, such classification as now may not be possible, would be desirable; and geometrical and detail drawings are so important to the architect visitor, and are objects so essential for the purpose of familiarising the public eye with their nature, and with the character and amount of labour and thought which go to the production of an architect's design, that we should wish to see the complete sets of many such works,—although without trenching upon space which it may be desirable to give to other subjects. Though, for opinions about the architectural talent of the country, it is still not sufficient to take the data solely from this exhibition, the collection gives many gratifying evidences of the progress which is being made. The provincial buildings are but sparingly illustrated: the exceptions—the Manchester warehouses, and recent designs for schools of Art—are, however, of some importance; and the contrast which is presented between some works of the former class, and what has been done in London, is unfavourable to the metropolis,—progressing as architecture here also may be. Again, it must be recollected, that the more important works of the day are being carried out by those who in many cases have little time for the necessary representation of them by perspective views. The aspect of the rising talent of the country is however, placed in a very favourable light. Were we to make any exception to such an assertion, we should allude to the somewhat dangerous fondness for crude colour, which in designs is by no means confined to interiors; but is sometimes distracting the attention of otherwise able architects from the higher expressions of beauty that are within the domain of form and proportion. The designs for decorations are, many of them, made without due consideration of principles—happily now more attended to than formerly; but they, nevertheless, display great talent, executive and otherwise; and some of the specimens exhibited are such as should bring honour and profit to those who have prepared them. Next month we may have space to look more particularly at the merits of some of the principal works.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—We presume, although we have no direct knowledge of the fact, that the Members of the Royal Academy met, as usual, on the 9th of December, to elect their officers for the ensuing year. We think we have some right to complain of a want of courtesy on the part of the authorities, for not affording us the information which our subscribers naturally look for, but which we are not in a position to give them.* If the omission has been accidental, it ought to have been guarded against; if intentional, we take the liberty of saying it has not been merited; for though we have thought it our duty occasionally to express opinions adverse to the present constitution of the Academy, and to the pretensions of some admitted into membership, we have invariably acknowledged its services to Art, and employed whatever influence we may possess to uphold its privileges. It has generally been our practice, too, whenever the opportunity was afforded us of making the necessary examination, to comment on the works exhibited by the students for the annual prizes; which prizes are awarded on the same evening as that whereon the election of officers takes place; but this we are also unable to do, as we received no invitation to view them. But unwilling that the successful competitors should, through the carelessness or discourtesy of others lose the benefit of such publicity as our columns might afford them, we have obtained from an artist who was present on the occasion, a correct list of the awards, as follows:—the Gold Medal for the best historical picture, to Joseph Powell; the Gold Medal for the best historical sculpture, to John Adams; the Silver Medal for the best painting from the living draped model, John White Johns; Silver Medal, for the best drawing from the life, Philip R. Morris; Silver Medal for drawing from the life, James Waite; Silver Medal for the best drawing from the antique, Samuel J. Carter; Silver Medal for drawing from the antique, George A. Freezor; Silver Medal for the best model from the antique, Henry Bursill; Silver Medal for a model from the antique, Samuel F. Lynn; Silver Medal for a model from the antique, George Miller; Silver Medal for a perspective drawing in outline, Thomas Sich; Silver Medal for a specimen of sciography, Augustus H. Parker; Silver Medal for Medal die, cut in steel, Joseph T. Wyon. If we remember rightly, Mr. Powell had two medals awarded to him in 1853; he has now received the highest honour the Academy can bestow upon a student, and we heartily congratulate him upon his success. We have watched his progress for some time past, and although we have not seen the picture that has procured for him a golden reward, we have no doubt he has worthily won it. But with our congratulations we shall also offer a word of advice; he must remember he has only just entered upon the path which ultimately leads to fame; he has a difficult journey before him, and if he desires to reach the end of it honourably and to secure a lasting reputation, he must be up and doing laboriously, studiously, and perseveringly. There is no other method of accomplishing the task. We have known "gold medalists" who have thought that the receipt of that honour was sufficient to enrol their names among the worthies in Art, and relaxing in their efforts have never been heard of afterwards, except as a unit among the multitude; we trust such will not be Mr. Powell's fate.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—In contemplation of the removal of this edifice (according to a

recent recommendation of a committee of the House of Commons) a plan and notices have been deposited at the Private Bill Office, as a preliminary step towards applying to Parliament during the ensuing session for an act to enable the promoters to erect a large hotel on the plan of the *Hôtel du Louvre*, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, which is now one of the lions of that city. It is proposed to build the hotel on the site of the National Gallery, and on the ground in the rear now chiefly occupied by the barrack-yard and the workhouse of St. Martin's parish. Such is, at all events, the "Rumour;" but her thousand tongues may be all wrong. The Royal Academy is not likely to be dispossessed of that which is their right.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS have elected John F. Lewis, Esq., President, in the room of the late Copley Fielding, Esq. The choice is a good one, and cannot fail to give general satisfaction. Mr. Lewis was for many years a resident in Egypt; the works of his more recent exhibition are picture scenes and incidents of the East, and they are of the very highest merit. He is the son of the venerable engraver, and the brother of the mezzotint engraver, Mr. Charles Lewis. The only other candidate was Mr. F. Tayler, who lost the election by five votes; eleven members voting for Mr. Lewis, and six for Mr. Tayler. A rumour prevails, that the latter lost his election through the fact of his being one of the Fine Art jurors at the Paris Exhibition, whose decisions have afforded so much dissatisfaction to the artists of our country.

SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, P.R.A., during his recent visit to the South of Europe in connection with his office as Director of the National Gallery, has purchased for the nation a large picture by Paul Veronese, which was formerly in the church of St. Silvestre in Venice. The subject is the "Adoration of the Magi;" a reduced copy of a portion of it, attributed to Carlo Cagliari, is at Hampton Court. It is not yet hung in the gallery, and we shall therefore postpone any remarks about the acquisition till we are afforded the opportunity of seeing it.

MR. E. M. WARD, R.A., has been honoured with the commands of the Queen to paint a large picture representing the Installation of the Emperor of the French as a Knight of the Order of the Garter. The work will of course include portraits of the illustrious and distinguished personages who took part in the ceremony.

HONOURS TO ENGLISH ARTISTS.—Among the British artists to whom the Emperor of the French personally delivered the Cross of the Legion of Honour on the 15th of November was Mr. WILLIAM WYLD, whose works have obtained considerable celebrity, not alone in his own country but in France. Mr. Wyld however, has so long resided in Paris, that he is classed as a member of the French school, and he is, we believe, *décoré* accordingly. His name, therefore, does not appear in the English list: nevertheless, we share the distinction he has obtained, and acknowledge the very graceful compliment accorded to him by the Emperor.

ENGRAVINGS AFTER LANDSEER.—The unique collection of engravings from the works of Sir E. Landseer, recently exhibited in Pall Mall, is now, we understand, scattered, through the instrumentality of Messrs. Southgate & Barrett, the auctioneers. It is a great pity such a history of this painter's art should be dispersed. What an acquisition would the collection have been to some public gallery or museum.

BRITISH ART-ACADEMY IN ROME.—In the course of a lecture on Antiquarian Art, recently delivered at Birmingham by Earl Stanhope, his lordship took occasion to observe, how much benefit the Fine and Industrial Arts of our country might derive from the establishment of an Art-Academy in Rome, such as is possessed by our neighbour and ally, the French nation. The noble earl stated that he so much felt the improvement which to, the manufacturing Arts especially—those, of course, connected with ornament—such an institution might confer, he should be greatly tempted in a period of peace, if his health and leisure would permit, to bring

* Since the above was written, we have seen in the advertising columns of a contemporary the following list of officers for the ensuing year:—President, Sir C. L. Eastlake; Council, E. M. Ward, S. Cousins, C. W. Cope, W. Dyce, P. MacDowell, F. R. Lee, J. R. Herbert, Esqs., and Sir R. Westmacott; Auditors, Sir R. Westmacott, Sir C. Barry, and W. Mulready, Esq. The new blood infused into the list of the Council will, we hope, impart fresh vigour into the "doings" of the Academy: there is one name especially among the "Council" which marks a new era in its constitution; it is that of Mr. Cousins, the engraver. It thus seems that at length engravers are presumed to be artists, and able to give advice on matters relating to a School of Art.

the question before the House of Peers. His lordship, comparing the state of our manufactures with those of France and Italy, reiterated the general opinion, that our inferiority is the result of the want of proper Art-education, a want that would be supplied by such an institution as he advocates.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—Our attention has been called to an error which appeared last month in "The Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Exhibition;" the piece of lace engraved on one of the pages is manufactured by MR. TREADWIN, of EXETER; it was stated to have been the work of Mr. Treadwill, of Honiton. This is an error we very much regret: but Mr. Treadwin has made his name so generally known, that no doubt it has but little prejudiced him: his productions are certainly the best of their class manufactured in England.

MR. EDWARD HALL, F.S.A., whose name frequently appears in our columns as a contributor of papers connected with his profession as an architect, has recently delivered two lectures at Westbourne College, Bayswater, the first on "Architecture, its Purpose and Origin," the second on the "Principles of Practical Art, as applied to House Decoration and Furniture." If the public were better educated in these matters than they are, and Mr. E. Hall is well qualified to be a teacher, we should see fewer absurdities both out of doors and in-doors, than now constantly meet our observation.

THE NIGHTINGALE FUND.—We ask the attention of our readers to the Report printed in our advertising columns, which the Committee have issued as the result of a Meeting that took place at Willis's Rooms at the end of last month. That meeting was in all respects remarkable; but chiefly as representing all classes and parties; the high purpose of the assembly, and of those who called it together and directed the proceedings, being to do honour to the admirable woman whose name has become a household word to indicate affection and respect. The newspapers have been so full of the subject, as to render it unnecessary for us to do more than express a hope that we may be the means of conveying to the Fund the contributions of many of our subscribers.

GLASS PILLARS AND SASH BARS.—A combination of gilt or silvered metal, and glass for light columns or shafts, in buildings, has been at various times suggested as a means of decoration. At the Panopticon Institution, the architect, Mr. T. H. Lewis, introduced silvered plates of coloured glass, as a coating to some of the iron columns, and Professor Cockerell once suggested the use of glass cylinders with an iron column, gilt, as a core. Messrs. Lloyd and Summerfield, of Birmingham, have lately carried out a similar idea, which deserves the attention of architects. They manufacture bars of flint-glass, cut to various patterns and grooved, when necessary, for the insertion of the sheet of glass, or window-pane. The bars are considered to be applicable to skylights and glass-doors, besides show-cases and looking-glass frames. Their chief use, however, is put forth as regards shop-fronts. In that case several lengths are joined together by means of an iron rod, silvered, running through the centre, ornamental collars being fixed at the joints, and a capital and base added. Here the glass becomes the chief support; and the strength would be considerable, were it necessary to depend upon it. In shop-windows, it would of course be desirable to apply the pillars, if possible, without adding to the appearance of vacuity and weakness. There are, however, many purposes for which the bars may be brought into use in decoration; and they are manufactured in black and coloured as well as white glass. For instance, they are suitable for balusters, and, indeed, are made for this purpose in various forms. The convenience as to cleaning is of course a recommendation of any contrivance into which glass enters as a material.

MERCHANT TAILORS' SCHOOL.—In the course of the papers which appeared a short time ago in our Journal "On the Halls of the City of London," the writer ventured to urge upon the company the necessity of rendering their important public school more accordant with the age. He showed, that whilst the school was one

from which proceeded those who became men of influence as to educational advancement, no attention was paid to Art, and to subjects of vital importance to the national position. Having in the same paper and others, adverted to the several advantages derivable from greater development of the different branches of Art, the writer adverted to the value in education of knowledge of objects, considered as merely forms. It is therefore some satisfaction to us to find that the company has so far acted up to the spirit of our remarks as to arrange for tuition in drawing. The remuneration proposed for the master is not very large; but some men of ability are amongst the candidates. Drawing has become so common a branch of education in schools of far less pretensions, that Merchant Tailors' School could not safely stand longer in its old unimproved condition; and though the instalment for the advancement of Art is small, it is one which will be productive of great worth.

THE STATUE OF CHARLES I., which but a short time ago was cleansed from its surtout of smoke and blackness, is once more surrounded by a lofty hoarding, preparatory, as we understand, to its being elevated on the site, to give it more importance than it has had since the erection of the Nelson Column and the National Gallery. The *tout ensemble*, as the passenger views it on approaching from the Admiralty, is now most unfortunate for the Statue, which is altogether lost by comparison with the objects in the background.

A NEW PAPER.—We write this notice on paper which we are given to understand is made entirely and exclusively of straw; and we are called upon to give our opinion of it. The process of converting straw into paper is, as our readers know, by no means new. Not long ago we examined a book, which professed to be printed on straw paper, which bore the date of 1800: but various circumstances have prevented its adoption into general, or even partial use; chiefly because of the difficulty of rendering it a good colour—clear and smooth: but also because it could not be produced at a cost less than paper of the ordinary character. These obstacles Messrs. Parkins & Gotto profess to have overcome. Evidence that they have succeeded in one respect is before us, and for the other we must take their word, or rather accept the witness supplied by the price at which it is sold—being about three shillings a ream for note paper, and in proportion for sizes larger. It is unquestionably of a good colour, a milky white: the pen runs over it rapidly, and it may be with entire safety written upon on both sides, being more than usually opaque. Because of its cheapness therefore, and its peculiar fitness for manuscript—indeed as *office paper*—this produce may be strongly recommended.

GLAZED BRICKS have long formed a *desideratum* in practical architecture. The facility of cleansing such surfaces has pointed them out as particularly suitable to the improved dwellings of the poor, and in 1851 some glazed bricks were exhibited, which would have been adapted to the end in view. The price was, however, an objection. Mr. T. Summerfield, of the firm of Lloyd & Summerfield, of Birmingham, has lately patented what he calls chromatic glass, or glass-faced grooved bricks. These are made in various forms, adapted to ordinary walling, plain and fluted columns and cornices, and as tiles for facing, and are prepared in several colours. By another patent, tiles are made to receive a pattern, with a view to their use for roofing, paving, and general surface decoration—as in the case of the ordinary encaustic tiles. Mr. Layard's discoveries, and the specimens in the British Museum, were hardly required to prove the durability of glazed patterns on clay, the mediæval encaustic pavements, after the test of wear, being found with the glazing scarcely injured.

NORWICH SHAWLS.—It was with no surprise we found that honours had been conferred in Paris upon the famous shawl manufactory of Messrs. CLABBURN & Co., of Norwich. Their renown has gone over Europe, and their fabric has very largely contributed to uphold the fame of the city that, for a century at least, has taken and kept the lead in a manufacture which is a

"staple" of Great Britain. It would have been unnecessary for us to allude to this matter but for the fact, that an injustice was committed in awarding to Messrs. CLABBURN "the large silver medal" instead of "the médaille d'or." The circumstances are briefly these. The jury especially appointed to decide on the merits of these fabrics, VOTED A GOLD MEDAL UNANIMOUSLY to Messrs. CLABBURN. The group of juries corroborated the decision of the first jury, also unanimously. The joint decision then came before the Royal Commission for confirmation, and they decided that Messrs. CLABBURN & Co. should only receive the large silver medal, because looking to the character of Norwich as a manufacturing city, its manufacturers—except Messrs. CLABBURN—had contributed nothing, directly, to the Exposition. That such is unquestionably the fact, is proved by the official letter addressed to Messrs. CLABBURN, and received by them; it is as follows:—MM. CLABBURN, Fils, et CRISP, ont obtenu le médaille de première classe pour la perfection et la beauté de leurs produits. Ils exposent de shâls en soie d'un joli goût et d'une belle fabrication. Leurs poplins sont d'une qualité supérieure, et l'on remarque dans l'Exposition de ces honorables productions des magnifiques étoffes quel on désigne sous le nom de Crêpe de Norwich, Paramatta, &c." It seems absurd as well as unjust to diminish the recompense to these gentlemen because they were the only manufacturers who upheld Norwich; because the city drew back from competition, and left its honours to the guardianship of a single firm—who, however, did guard them ably, and extended them widely. Surely, in such a case, justice would rather have augmented their recompense than have lessened it. But, in giving publicity to this fact, Messrs. CLABBURN's object is fully answered.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.—The Twenty-Eighth Annual Report of the Council of the Royal Scottish Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, has just been issued; but the document has not as yet come into our hands. We understand, however, that the Council congratulate their constituents on the continued prosperous condition and still opening prospects of the Society. Next month we may have something more to say on this matter.

INDESTRUCTIBLE PRINTING ON METALLIC PLATES.—Dr. Lotzky, a Polish gentleman resident in London, has shown us a specimen of type-printing on metallic plates, concerning which he has written to say, that "Messrs. Adams & Gee, printers of London, have found that metallic plates of the thickness of ordinary sheet tin, may be printed upon with the usual printing type, if the plates be first coated with some peculiar composition. If sheets thus prepared and printed upon be afterwards subjected to a certain japanning process, an even lustrous surface is produced, on which the print may be read as if it were on common paper, and it cannot be erased but by a sharp steel instrument. Considering this invention, on the present occasion, only from its bearing on the culture and advancement of Art, it is evident, in the first instance, that all these lessons of lineal, architectural, or figure-drawing, which are largely used in schools, academies, and private instruction, can now be produced on the printed metallic sheets, effecting thereby a great saving of cost and change of those hitherto paper-printed patterns. In how far it is possible that copper-plate printing and lithography will be once practised on metallic plates—in how far it is probable that Arabesque ornaments on buildings, externally and internally, may be thus produced—an enamelled fresco painting of an imperishable nature,—time and our energy will decide. But recollecting the mosques of the Mohammedan religion, and the golden spans of the Alhambra, a profusion of ethic and moral precepts, and injunctions written thereon, strikes our eyes. I think that some of the Turkish inscriptions are written on China, or other fine sort of earthenware—a tedious and expensive process. I have some idea of printing on gold and silver plates, for the ornamentation of baptismal, confirmation, or matrimonial keepsakes, and testimonials of a more elevated character—a combination, perhaps, of enamel and filegree work, &c."

REVIEWS.

HANDBOOK OF THE ARTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES AND RENAISSANCE, AS APPLIED TO THE DECORATION OF FURNITURE, ARMS, JEWELS, &c. Translated from the French of M. JULES LABARTE. With Notes, &c. Copiously Illustrated. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

If, half-a-century ago, the same means of acquiring a knowledge of the Industrial Arts had been as much within the reach of our artisans and ornamentists as are now offered to them, what might not have been expected, ay, and accomplished, too, with the constantly increasing facilities that scientific discoveries, and largely accumulating capital, would supply to aid in their labours? But it is impossible to deny the fact that, up to a comparatively very recent date, ignorance has been the incubus sitting on our chariot-wheels, not, indeed, delaying its movements, but mystifying and misdirecting its course, and blinding the eyes of its occupants to a sense of the true and the beautiful, so that instead of moving onwards and upward, we have travelled round and round in almost an unvaried course, completing the journey of half a century not very far from the point from which we started.

Happily this state of things is in process of amendment, and in good earnest, too; evidence of which is supplied by the numerous publications which, during the last three or four years, have been issued to meet the increasing demand for books of an educational purpose: the work of M. Jules Labarte will be found to be one of the most instructive treatises on archaeological art that has hitherto appeared, and ought to be consulted and studied by all who are occupied in the ornamental arts. Originally written as an introduction to a descriptive catalogue of the Debruge-Dumenil Collection, of which the author was co-inheritor; it affords a complete history of the origin and development of the Decorative arts during the period to which it has reference. The contents of the volume are arranged in the following order: Ornamental sculpture, painting and calligraphy, engraving, enamels,—a large and important section,—Damasceene work, the lapidary's art, the goldsmith's art, pottery in its various branches, glass, the armourer's art, the locksmith's art, clockwork, ecclesiastical and domestic furniture, and Oriental art. Here is a range of subjects, ample enough to take in all on which the skill of the ornamentist may be employed; the only omission being that of textile fabrics,—we presume from the fact of these requiring for their production the aid of machinery, while others are the result of handwork alone. The observations of M. Labarte on the different arts show deep research into the works of the great artists of ancient times, and an intimate acquaintance with the principles on which they built up their artistic reputation: the translation is by a lady whose name does not appear, but she has performed her task well; and an abundance of charmingly executed woodcuts assist to make the volume a text-book and an exemplar of the highest value to those engaged in manufactures connected with Art.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES. By JOHN KEATS. Illustrated by E. H. WEHNERT. Published for J. CUNDALL, by SAMPSON LOW & SON, London.

The critic who "does his spiriting gently," may lay himself open to the charge of partiality, or of possessing too much of the milk of human kindness, but he has the consolation of feeling that none except himself, perhaps, is injured by what he writes; his error is at least a godlike one when he leans to the side of mercy; and towards the young aspirant for fame in the field of Literature and Art, such feeling should always predominate, unless he be some bold and ignorant intruder to whom the lash would be of infinite advantage as a punishment for trespassing where he has no right to enter. This, however, was not the case with young Keats, on whose first appearance the "Quarterly" put forth so crushing a criticism, that its severity not only embittered his future brief existence, but laid the foundation of the disease which hurried him to an untimely grave. Byron, in his "Don Juan," alludes thus humorously to the death of the young poet:

"Poor fellow! his was an untoward fate;
'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

Even Jeffrey's kind, and generous, and appreciating review in the "Edinburgh," on Keats's second volume of poems, failed to atone for the injuries the poet had already received; the bow had been drawn, but not at a venture, and the shaft struck right home. Yet Keats was a true poet, his mind

was richly stored with forms and thoughts of beauty and grandeur drawn from Classic lore; he had a creative fancy united with deep feeling, and an enthusiastic love of nature. He lacked, however, the discipline which time and experience would have brought to soften the crudities of style, and to teach him to arrange his thoughts, and to use, without prodigality, the materials at his command. "His writings," said Jeffrey, "are flushed all over with the rich lights of fancy, and so coloured and bestrewn with the flowers of poetry, that, even while perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments they so lavishly present."

The character of Keats's poetry, like that of Shelley, and of others of a somewhat similar school, is not of a nature to be popular; his admirers will always be few but enthusiastic. The most considerable of his poems are "Endymion," and "Hyperion," both of them containing passages,—and many of them, too,—which any poet of any age might not have disdained to acknowledge as his own. This "Eve of St. Agnes," written in Spenserian measure, is lighter and more graceful than those, sparkling with brilliant descriptions and flowing expressions. This edition, very prettily illustrated, and in its external dress of emerald and gold, must be one of the "gift-books" of the season. Mr. Wehnert's designs are of unequal merit, but there are none to which we would positively take exception; they are well engraved by Messrs. Harral, Bolton, and Cooper.

THE PROPORTIONS OF THE HUMAN FIGURE. With Six Illustrative Outlines. By JOSEPH BONOMI, Sculptor. Published by H. RENSHAW, London.

Whether the impeachment be right or wrong, the charge brought against our artists of all classes is, their incapability to draw the human figure correctly; and certainly it is a grievous fault where it exists. Drawing is the fundamental principle of all Art; composition, colour, expression, are comparatively valueless without truth of form. Nay, where those qualities are most conspicuous, they only heighten regret at the absence of the latter. Mr. Bonomi's pamphlet—for it is nothing more, yet quite sufficient for its purpose—will, if carefully studied, be of service to the young painter and sculptor, though he professes to give nothing more than what has heretofore appeared in print, but not in such a way as to come within the reach of all. He has taken the text of Vitruvius, as translated by the late Mr. Wilkins, R.A., Professor of Architecture at the Royal Academy, and amended from the Italian of Leonardo da Vinci. Mr. Bonomi is of opinion, that the celebrated Canon of Vitruvius, relative to the proportions of the human form, and which is referred to by Leonardo, is, in fact, the work of Polykletus. Mr. Bonomi's notes to the treatise of Vitruvius and his diagrams, will be found sufficient aids to the study of the subject.

JUVENILE LITERATURE: THE MARTYR LAND. ANGELO. SIR THOMAS. THE TALKING BIRD. TALES OF MAGIC AND MEANING. Published by GRANT & GRIFFITHS, London.

We have named five of the publications of Messrs. Grant and Griffiths, as types of the class of books which "The Corner of St. Paul's Churchyard" has sent forth for the amusement and instruction of the young this winter. We once heard a publisher say to a lady who had acquired a good reputation as a writer for children, "that it was very easy to 'knock off' a child's book." This is a great mistake: writing for children requires more care and thought than writing for those who can care and think for themselves. Children are more reasoning and observant than they are believed to be. We have only to look back to our own early days to be convinced of this, and recall what we heard that it was not intended we should hear, and all that we remembered of what we never should have heard. It also requires considerable skill to infuse a lesson into a child's "story," without appearing to teach or preach. This danger has been successfully avoided in "THE MARTYR LAND," a well-drawn and simple history of the sufferings of the VAUDOIS during their bitter days, which were drawn to a happy conclusion by the father of the present King of Sardinia, CHARLES ALBERT. The thread upon which these historic scenes are hung is skilfully woven, and adds much to the interest of the charming little volume. We cannot agree with those who say such persecutions should be forgotten. History is the great teacher of the future, and as long as facts are recorded, as they are here, without undue bitterness towards the persecutors, they cannot fail both to warn and to instruct.

"ANGELO, OR THE PINE FOREST IN THE ALPS," is by GERALDINE JEWSEY, and prettily illustrated by JOHN ABSOLON. This will be a favourite story with all young readers; the characters are well drawn and life-like; there is enough of adventure to charm the boy, and sufficient of home-love to please the girl. We have read it ourselves with great enjoyment.

"SIR THOMAS, OR THE ADVENTURES OF A CORNISH BARONET," by Mrs. R. LEE. We almost believed that Mrs. Lee could have found nothing new to say of Africa, and yet "Sir Thomas" is as original in construction as it is interesting in detail. The sketch of the old Cornish gentleman is fresh and vigorous, and his adventures in the swarthy land of his adoption, are full of strange wild life, fresh and health-giving. "ANGELO" will be most relished by children under twelve; but young ladies and gentlemen who have entered their "teens" will not think "Sir Thomas" "a child's book." Indeed old and young will find more than an hour's interest and amusement in its pages.

"THE TALKING BIRD" is a pretty story for young children, intended to prove the wisdom which conceals the future from our knowledge. MARY and ELIZABETH KIRBY are becoming such household names in juvenile literature, that we would entreat them to bring out the moral of their tales by human rather than by impossible means. An avowed fairy tale is pleasant, and not injurious; but fact and fiction are so mingled in "The Talking Bird," that it is not easy for a child to understand what is to be believed, what disbelieved. These ladies' style of writing is simple and engaging, but one of the first steps towards serving a child, is to engage its belief. All who read much to children have frequently heard the little earnest question, "Is that all true?" We had a hard task to separate the true from the untrue in this well-told tale; and the best criticism was that of the child to whom it was read—"But she should have been taught how wrong it is to want to know things that she ought not to know without a black dove, which I don't believe in."

"TALES OF MAGIC AND MEANING," are so called, we presume, for the sake of the alliteration; and here we have Mr. ALFRED CROWQUILL as an author as well as an artist. We have long rendered him all honour as an artist in his own peculiar style, but were not quite prepared to yield him the praise he certainly deserves as an author. We have rarely met with a volume of fairy tales more charmingly disguised, or in better keeping with their object. It is most difficult to invent a new fairy tale,—and translators have ransacked the northern and southern nations for every scrap of fairy lore that it was possible to turn into English. Mr. ALFRED CROWQUILL cannot claim strict originality for all the tales in his delightful little volume; but they are so gracefully arranged and so freshly dressed, that they are all "as good as new," while some we believe to be purely original. Then, they are really "Tales of Meaning." They have all objects—good objects—and their gentle teaching is as skilful as it is pure.* Now and then, in compliance with the bad taste of the times, there is a word, or perhaps a sentence, in accordance with the "fast" school, which will make boys laugh and girls wonder—but this does not often occur—we are almost hypercritical to note it; but we are very fastidious in our nursery, and have named the only faults we can discover. "The Little Silver Bell" might be made the groundwork of an "entertainment"—indeed, the tales are all dramatic, and Mr. Planche could weave any of them into a spectacle, that would take "the town" by storm.

SABBATH BELLS CHIMED BY THE POETS. Illustrated by BIRKET FOSTER. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

A book that requires not the help of the reviewer to lift it into notice if once seen. It was a happy thought to bring together what a multitude of poets have sung in harmony with the sound of "the church-going bells," so as to make, as it were, a chorus of sweet and solemn music, floating along streamlet and valley, from "distant towers and antique spires," presented by the pencil of so charming a sketcher of rural scenery as Mr. Foster. It is a book for the six days of toil or the seventh day of rest, adding to the hallowed influences of the one, cheering and softening the labours of the others by the prospect of what is to succeed them. Among all the sights and sounds that are welcome to our

* In "Young King Flexible" we think a mistake has been made in working out the story by means which should never be introduced into nursery or school-room, because they must originate thoughts and questions that are better avoided; the object of the story is as good as that of any of the others, it is its detail that we object to.

eyes and ears, none are more pleasant to us than to see the humble inhabitants of some rural district wending their way through pasture, and cornfield, and hedgerows, to the house of prayer, when the Sabbath-bell summons them together—

"Six days may rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet-hall—
The seventh the Father opens the door,
And holds his feast for all!"
BULWER LYTTON.

It will be a dark hour for England when, whatever the pretence may be, this seventh day is no longer a reprieve from mental and bodily toils, but pressed into the service of the others, as there is danger it may be when the Sunday is made, legally, a day of "innocent recreation." We have, however, one fault to find with the artistic portion of this otherwise elegantly "got-up" volume; it is a great pity the illustrations are coloured; the beauty of Mr. Foster's designs is by no means increased by the tintings, while the delicacy of the engraving, by Mr. Evans, is altogether lost; they would have been far more acceptable left plain. It was quite a "mistake" to send them forth in their present garb.

A MANUAL OF ELECTRICITY, INCLUDING GALVANISM, MAGNETISM, DIAMAGNETISM, ELECTRO-DYNAMICS, MAGNETO-ELECTRICITY, AND THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH. By HENRY N. NOAD, Ph.D., F.C.S. Published by G. KNIGHT & Co., London.

Some years since, Dr. Noad published his "Lectures on Electricity." These were very favourably received, and three editions have been exhausted. Dr. Noad has re-arranged—in a great measure re-written—his former work; and his last edition assumes a more complete form as a "Manual of Electricity." There is no department of physical science in which such advances have been made as this. Within a few years the lightning of a thunder-cloud has been shown to be of the same character as the electrical spark of a glass machine. Machine, or frictional electricity, has been proved to be identical with chemical or voltaic electricity. The conversion of these forms of force into magnetism, and the production from magnets again, of these two forms of electrical force, sufficiently determine the relation between them. The physical arrangement of most forms of matter has been shown to be due to some law of magnetic polarity; and, in the operations of vitality, it is evident that there is a development of electrical power. All these facts have been established by a series of inductive experiments of the most perfect character, such as scarcely any other division of experimental science can produce. Beyond this, electro-chemistry has been applied to metallurgical operations of the utmost importance. By the electrolytic process we obtain *fac-similes* of the most perfect examples of ancient Art; and by producing, at a comparatively small cost, copies of the highest efforts of the human mind, an improved taste is generated, which would otherwise have remained untaught. We silver and gild the common metals by the electricity which we get by chemical change in the battery, or by merely mechanical power from the permanent magnet. Beyond all this, the electric telegraph now spans Europe with its wires; it unites our island with the Continent; it is stretching its fibres across the Mediterranean Sea; and, as we advance with our wires towards the East, India is rapidly sending electrical threads westwards, so that soon Europe, Africa, and Asia will be chained in this mysterious bond, and we feel safe in saying that eventually, and at no far distant period, the Old World will be united with the New—an electric girdle will indeed encircle the earth, compared to which Puck's girdle was the plaything of an idle boy. Electricity, then, is the science of the age; and such a manual as Dr. Noad has given was required to tell us of the truths of electrical science, and to instruct us in its laws. We have carefully examined this, the first part of the manual, and we are bound to declare that if the work is completed—which we do not doubt but it will be—as ably as this extensive portion of the subject is executed, there will be little left to desire.

POPULAR MUSIC OF THE OLDEN TIME. By W. CHAPPELL, F.S.A. Published by CRAMER, BEALE & CHAPPELL, London.

We have devoted very little attention in our journal to "things musical," but the interesting publication upon our table has a claim. Apart from "the language of sweet sounds," not only is it a collection of "Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes," illustrative of the national music (perhaps

it would have been better to call it the national melodies) of England, but Mr. Chappell has rendered the numbers valuable by introductions to the different periods, and notices of the airs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There is an interesting account of the minstrels, and notes upon various antiquarian matters that are, as it were, bound up with music, so that when our fair friends have tried over the "airs," they take possession of the information. Some fifteen years ago, Mr. William Chappell published a collection of "National Airs," now, we believe, out of print; but of all our writers, the antiquarian is the most persevering; and so Mr. Chappell went on collecting and collating until he was able to send forth this very able and interesting addition not only to our musical, but our antiquarian libraries. A great deal of the information now given, in this pleasing and popular form, was locked up in "Ritson's Dissertation," in "Percy's Reliques," in monastic records, in Dr. Burney's history—in scores of "ungetatable" quarters—from whence Mr. Chappell has drawn and arranged it; and it is no small advantage to find a publication for the music-stand as well as for the drawing-room table, combining learning and pleasure in so agreeable a manner. We thank Mr. Chappell as much for judgment as for industry and good taste; the musical world are indebted to him for the preservation of our few fine airs; and his addition to our literature is a matter of congratulation to our book-collectors.

THE KEEPSAKE.—1856. Edited by MISS POWER. The Engravings under the superintendence of MR. F. HEATH.

Were it only for the sake of "lang syne," when the table groaned beneath a load of "splendid annuals," we should rejoice to welcome this "relic" of the past to our drawing-rooms. But, take it altogether, even without the "memory," it is a pretty and a pleasant volume, bright in scarlet and gold, and filled with enough of tale and song to charm the lovers of light literature in the twilight, or by the Christmas fireside. Portraits of the Duchess of Argyll and the Marquis of Lorn have called forth a highland song by Mr. Bennoch; and the pencils of Margaret Gillies, Desanges, E. H. Corbould and others, have been "worked up to" with feeling and spirit by those who have "written to the plates." Miss Power has done her spitting gracefully; and her own story, "Percy Leigh's Wooing," reminds us of some of poor Lady Blessington's tales. There is a translation of "Auld Robin Gray" into French, by the Chevalier de Chatelain, which is really a literary curiosity, faithful as it certainly is. The actual construction of the language is incapable of conveying the sentiment of the charming original:

"Young Jamie loo'd me weel,
And asked me for his bride,"

is faithfully rendered into

"Jeune Jacques m'aimait, il me voulait pour femme."

But if we translate that back into English, how strangely it reads. There are several names in the table of contents that belonged to the palmy days of "the annuals": Barry Cornwall, whose only fault is, that he writes too little; Rev. Henry Thompson, M.A.; Mrs. Abdy, a faithful contributor to "the annuals," and we believe (alas for time!) the only survivor of "the Smiths," whose "Rejected Addresses" were anything but "rejected" by the public; Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Newton Crossland, always grave and graceful; Mr. Albert Smith, who occasionally descends from Mont Blanc to ascend Parnassus; Major Calder Campbell; Mrs. Warde, who has written so much and so well about "the Cape;" Mrs. Shipton, who, when "Anna Savage," was one of Lady Blessington's favourite contributors. There are others comparatively new to the craft; all have done their best for "The Keepsake;" and there is one delicious little poem towards the end by Mrs. W. P. O'Neil, which no mother could read without tears; it is called "A Child in Heaven," and is in itself worth the price of the volume, which is a pleasant first offering for the New Year.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF GEORGE HERBERT. Illustrated. Published by NISBET & Co., London.

With a distinct recollection of the multitude of elegant books that have been sent out for many years past, we cannot call to remembrance one that can lay claim to superiority over this as a specimen of illustrated typography: it may serve for a model of the printer's art in the nineteenth century, so delicate is the type, and so admirably are the sheets printed by Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh. The paper

is like vellum in the smoothness of its surface; the woodcuts and designs are in the best style of Messrs. Birket Foster, J. Clayton, and Noel Humphreys; and engraved by Messrs. Evans, Dalziel, and Woods, with a degree of refinement that cannot be surpassed; and the binding by Messrs. Leighton, Son, & Hodge is rich but very chaste: altogether it is a volume of rare merit. The poems of the ancient Rector of Bemerton are worthy of the skill and taste that have been here exercised upon them; quaint as they all are, and full of fantastic imagery and strange conceits, as many of them are, with here and there expressions and similes he would never have used in such an age as ours, there are also in them many tender thoughts, and much deep religious feeling. Good old Izaak Walton was a great admirer of George Herbert, and has left a pleasant and graceful record of the divine in his "Country Parson." We hope, in a future number, to give some specimens of the illustrations which grace this edition of Herbert's Poems, and shall postpone till then a more lengthened criticism on the volume; but in the mean time would commend it as a new year's offering that must yield precedence to none of this season or any other.

WAITING FOR THE DEER TO RISE. Engraved by H. T. RYALL, from the Picture by Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A. Published by GAMBART & Co., London.

This print, intended to form a companion to one published some time since, "There is Life in the old Dog yet," was, we believe, originally engraved for Sir F. G. Moon, but, on the retirement of the latter from business, the plate was purchased by Mr. Gambart, who also holds Landseer's picture from which it was taken. If we have been rightly informed, the publisher intends to have the plate destroyed as soon as the number of impressions he proposes to issue have been struck off: if this be done in all good faith, it will be the first step, on the part of a publishing firm, as regards a new plate, in the move recently made by Mr. Boys, to limit the market, and so far to satisfy the collector that his purchase is not likely to become materially deteriorated in value. We are assured that the number of impressions taken is as follows:—100 artist's proofs; 100 proofs before letters; 100 lettered proofs; and 750 prints. We have mentioned these details, as the purpose of the publisher commences a new era in the history of the "trade." With respect to the print itself, though not so acceptable a subject as many of the works of Landseer, it is an admirable representation of Highland deer-stalkers enthusiastically occupied with their sport; the figures are skilfully grouped behind some rising ground, watching, with their dogs, the appearance of the antlered tribe in some portion of the landscape not seen in the picture. There is a passage in Landseer's large painting of "The Drive" very similar to this work.

WHISPERS IN THE PALMS: HYMNS AND MEDITATIONS. By ANNA SHIPTON. Published by NISBET & Co., London.

The eastern tradition of the palm tree is, that when its leaves quiver in the wind, they whisper the holy name of Jesus. This little manual of sacred thought and song has been prompted by the beatings of a heart "sorrowful yet rejoicing," and earnest in the desire that all should partake of the faith as it is in the Saviour, she has poured forth her whole soul, steeped not only in the reality but the poetry of Christian love in this volume. Many of the poems are suited to the capacity of childhood; others are eminently spiritual; but we have not lingered over a collection of such truth and sweetness for a long time: truly she resembles the palm tree, whispering evermore "the name of Jesus."

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CALIPH HAROUN AL-RASCHID. Recounted by the Author of "Mary Powell." Published by A. HALL, VIRTUE, & Co., London.

It is many years since we parted from our old friends with whom the "Arabian Nights" brought us into pleasant companionship, but we fancy we recognise some of the party in this volume, though habited in new costumes. The moral conveyed by the stories is good, and tending to promote the social virtues. The book, with its old-fashioned type, and antique style of binding, will be an agreeable change from the philosophical and learned treatises which, in the garb of children's books, we are accustomed to put into the hands of the young, in the expectation of making them wiser in their generation than their fathers.